

FALL
ISSUE

BLAZING WEST

IND.

10¢



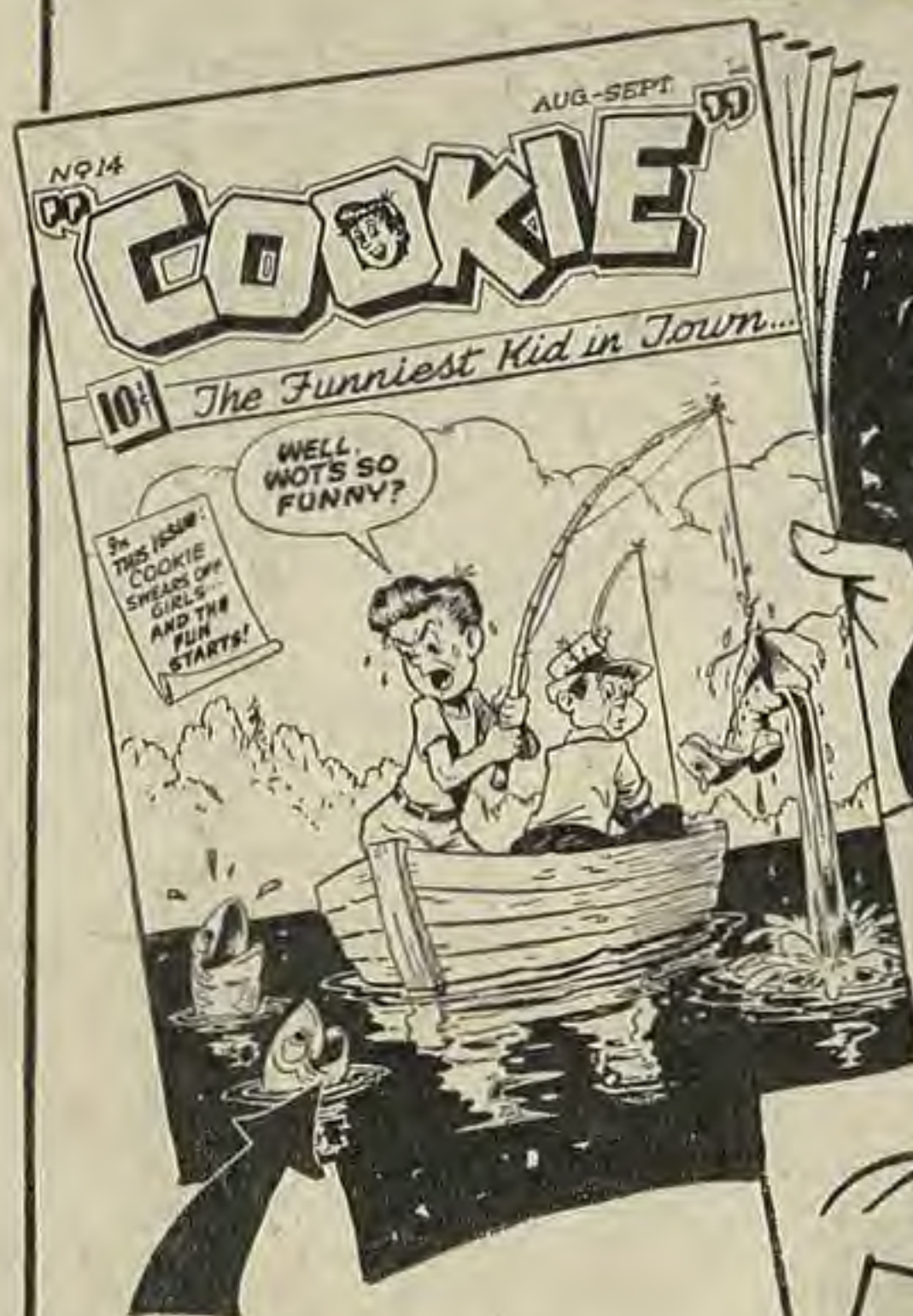
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Who's number one IN THE LAUGH LINEUP?



WHY, **COOKIE**™ OF COURSE!

COOKIE'S THE LAFF-LAD THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES! **COOKIE'S** THE HOTTEST, MOST HILARIOUS HEPCAT IN HISTORY... A RAPID-FIRE ROMEO AND A REGULAR GUY! AND NOW HE'S SWEEPING THE NATION IN HIS **OWN** MAGAZINE...



HERE'S THE MAGAZINE--

-- AND HERE'S WHO'S IN IT!



COOKIE™

!!!



IT'S ALL YOURS, FOLKS!
SO GET IN THE GROOVE!

Meet...

The FUNNIEST KID in TOWN!

Read

10¢ AT ALL STANDS

COOKIE™

INJUN JONES

SHUCKS, MISS VICKIE...THE REDSKINS IN THESE PARTS IS A PEACEABLE LOT! ONLY THING INTERESTIN' ABOUT 'EM IS AN OLD LEGEND ...INJUN JONES!

IF THIS IS INDIAN COUNTRY, YOU'RE ACTING MIGHTY CALM ABOUT IT, SAM!

LET'S TURN BACK THE PAGES OF HISTORY...TO ONE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES OF THE BLOOD-SOAKED WEST! THE YEAR...1863...AND ACROSS THE WILD REACHES OF ARIZONA CRAWLS A WAGON-TRAIN...EASTWARD BOUND! LISTEN...AMID THE CREAKING OF THE WAGON-WHEELS COMES A SINISTER NAME ... INJUN JONES!

INJUN JONES!
WHAT...WHO...IS THAT?

WELL, MEBBE IT'S JEST A TALL STORY...BUT THE WAY I HEERED IT, IT SURE MAKES INTERESTIN' TELLIN'! LISTEN...

IT'S SPOSED TO HAVE HAPPENED BACK IN 1850, WHEN THE GOLDRUSH WAS ON FOR FAIR! OUTLAWS DRY-GULCHED A WAGON-TRAIN... WIPED 'EM OUT TO A MAN! ALL EXCEPT ONE, THE STORY GOES...

...A TEN-YEAR OLD KID, NAME O' BOB JONES! HE SAW THE OUTLAW LEADER CLOSE WITH HIS DAD...



...AN' SHOOT HIM DEAD! THE PORE KID MADE A BREAK FER IT... AN' ESCAPED!



AND HE'S STILL LOOKING FOR THE TATTOOED OUTLAW, EH? OF ALL THE SILLY NONSENSE I'VE EVER HEARD...

REDSKINS FOUND 'IM STARVIN', AN' BROUGHT 'IM UP AS ONE OF 'EM... ALWAYS HATIN' WHITE MEN OUT O' THE MEMORY OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED! AN' TO THIS DAY, THE STORY GOES, THE CRUELEST, MOST DANGEROUS INJUN OF THE LOT IS...
INJUN JONES!



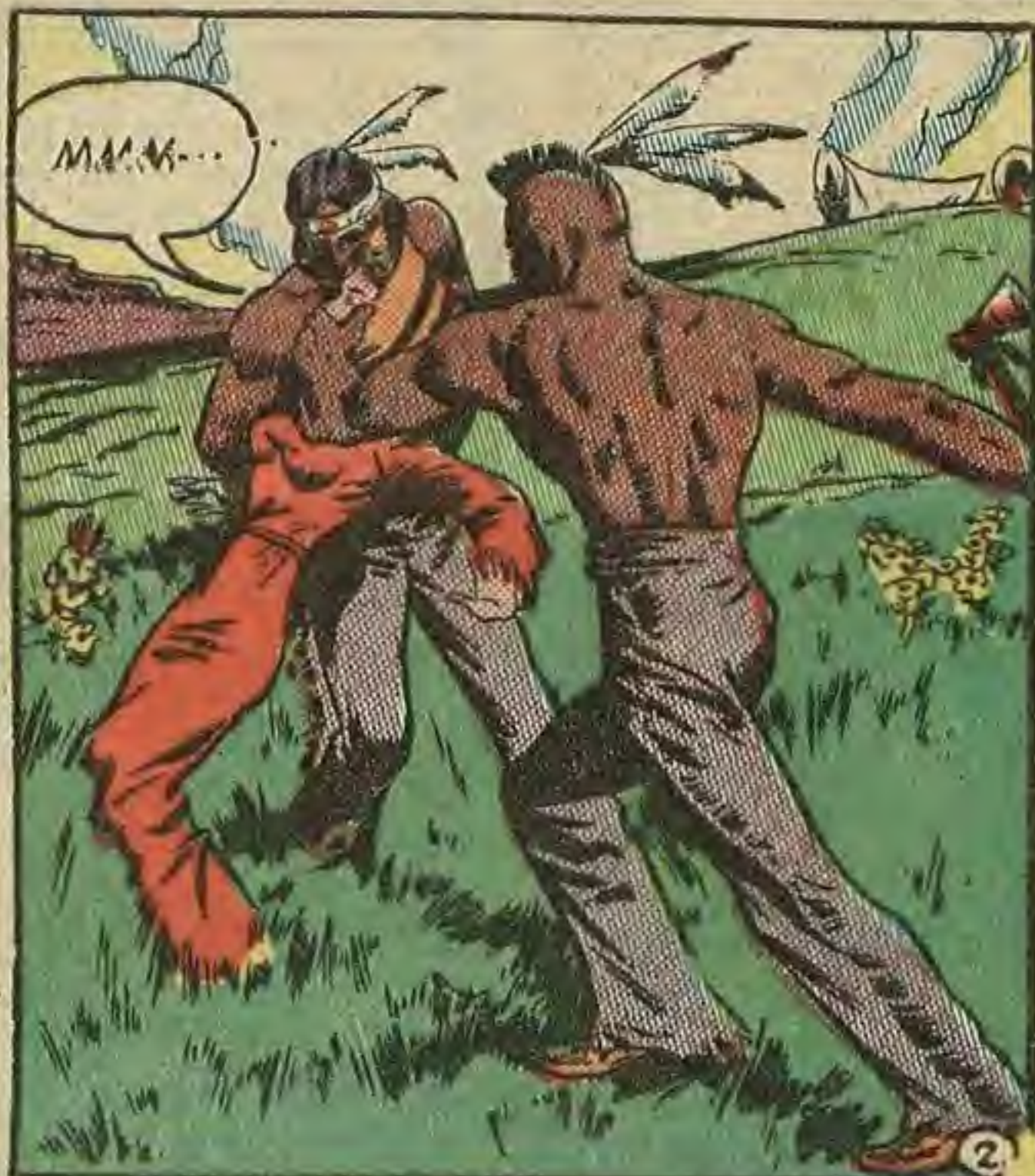
RECKON IT IS JEST AN OLD SQUAW'S TALE, MISS VICKIE! WE'RE STOPPIN' HERE FER A SPELL... GO AHEAD AN' PICK SOME POSIES! IT'S SAFE ENOUGH!



SAFE ENOUGH?
CROUCHED NEARBY...



MAA...





BETTER HEAD FOR THE WHITE MAN'S SETTLEMENT...IF I BRING HER BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN, I'LL JUST LEAD MY TRIBE TO ATTACK IT! ...FASTER, EAGLE! FASTER!



YOU...YOU'RE NO INDIAN! YOU'RE A WHITE MAN!

DON'T CALL ME THAT! IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE...IT'S THE COLOR OF MY SKIN!

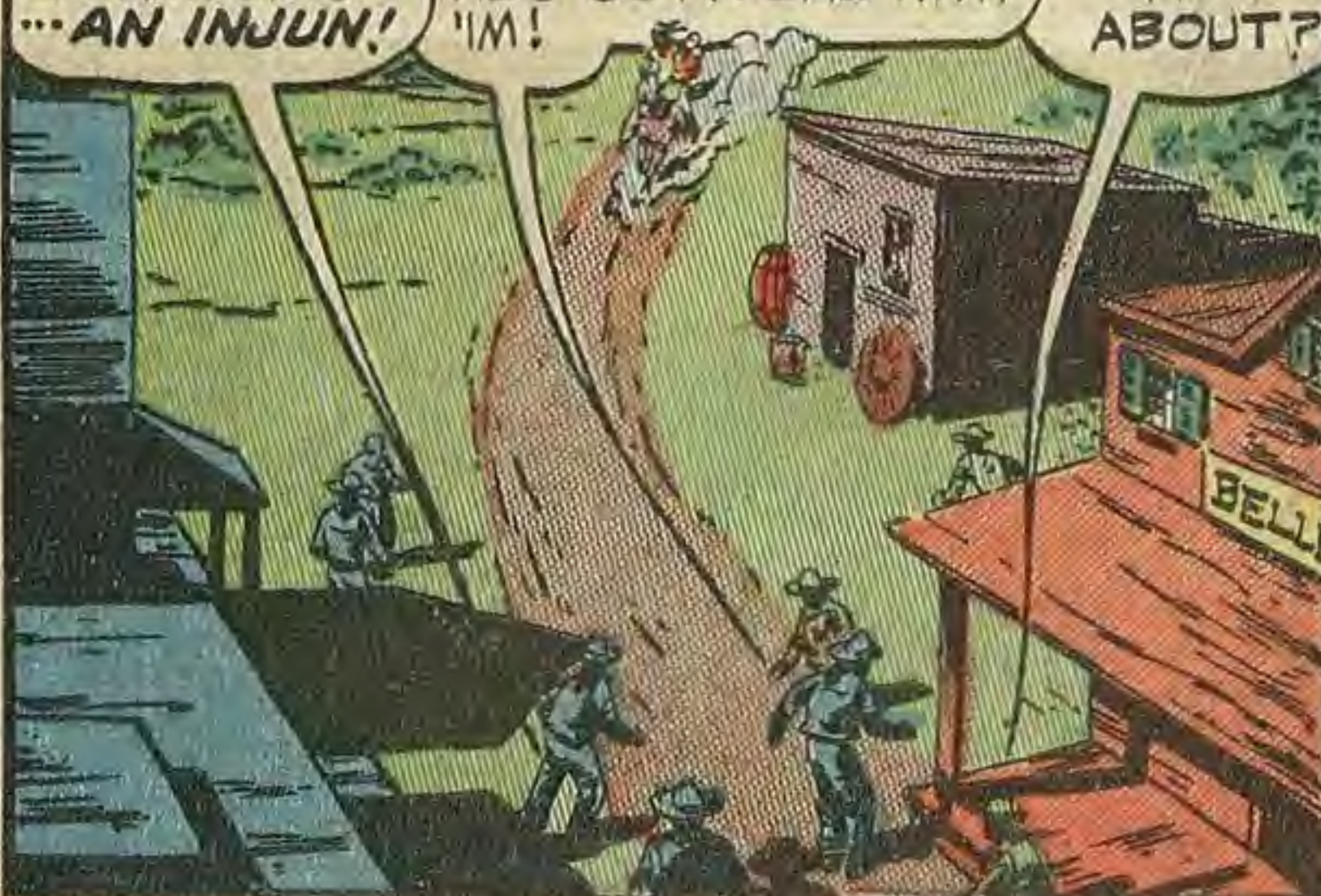


Later... THE BORDER SETTLEMENT OF RED GULCH...

SUFFERIN' CATAMOUNTS...AN INJUN!

NO, HE'S WHITE! AN' HE'S GOT A GAL WITH 'IM!

WHAT'S IT ABOUT?



FINALLY, WITH PURSUIT OUTDISTANCED...

I...I FELT THE FLAMES...AND NOW...I'M SAFE!-- OH! THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW!



ONLY WARPAINT CAN HIDE IT...BUT WITH THE APACHE ON THE RAMPAGE, I HAD TO REMOVE IT IF I'M GOING TO BRING YUH INTO A WHITE MAN'S TOWN SAFELY!

THEN YOU... YOU'RE INJUN JONES!



...AND THAT'S HOW HE SAVED ME!

AN APACHE SQUAW MURDERED, EH? SO THAT'S WHAT'S SET THE REDSKINS ON THE WAR-PATH!

INJUN JONES! THEN THE STORIES ABOUT HIM WERE TRUE!



INJUN JONES! WELL, WELL! HE
DESERVES A RIGHT GOOD WELCOME
...TELL HIM HOSS WITHERS
WANTS A WORD WITH HIM, EH?



BOTH LIVES AND GOLD AT STAKE, EH?
BUT THE INJUNS WON'T DARE ATTACK
NOW... THEY'LL BE SKEERED YUH'VE
GOTTEN WORD TO US! AND I'LL RAISE
AN ESCORT TO SEE THE CARAVAN
THROUGH TO THE NEXT
SETTLEMENT!



YUH'LL HAVE TO STAY
WITH US, LAD! IF YUH
GO BACK TO YORE
TRIBE, THEY'LL
KILL YUH!

BETTER WORRY
ABOUT THE WAGON
TRAIN, MR. WITHERS!
IF THE APACHE ATTACK,
IT'LL BE WIPED OUT...
AN' THE GOLD SHIP-
MENT MISS VICKIE
SAYS IT'S CARRYIN'
WILL BE LOST!



I'LL GATHER A GROUP O' BUFFALO
HUNTERS... TOUGH BABIES, AN'
THEY'LL MAKE A GOOD ESCORT!
HOW ABOUT YUH JOININ' 'EM,
SON? YUH'RE PLENTY MAN...
AN' AS SOON AS WE KIN
GET SOME WHITE MEN'S
CLOTHES ON YOU...

ALL
RIGHT...
IF IT'LL
MEAN
PROTECTION
FOR VICKIE!

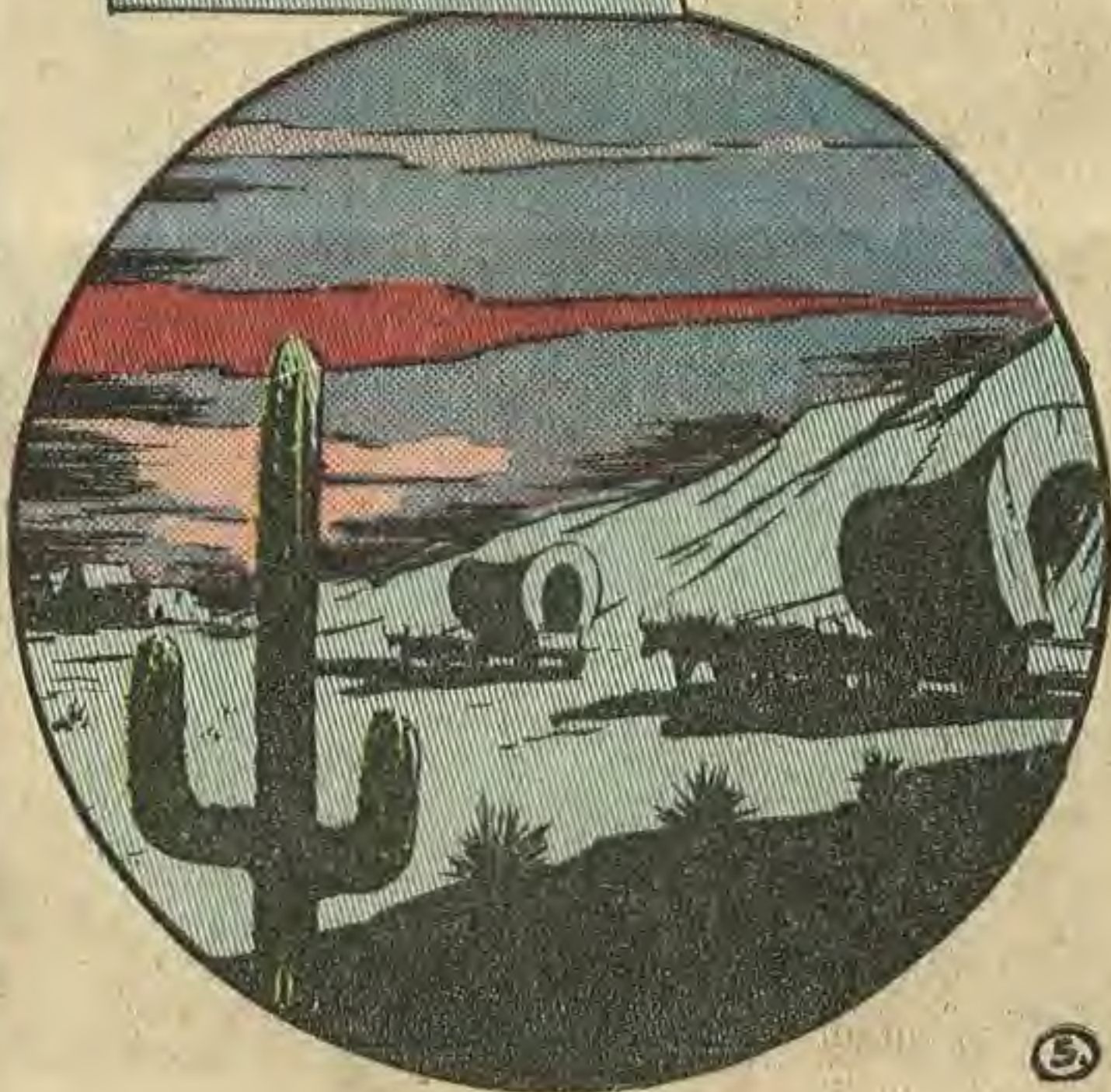


WITH EVENING, THE WAGON-
TRAIN ARRIVES...

And so...

WHAT A
DIFFERENCE!
YOU LOOK,
WONDERFUL!

MEBBE... BUT IT HASN'T
CHANGED ME ANY! I
STILL HATE WHITE
MEN... AND EVERY-
THIN' ABOUT 'EM!



**WITH MORNING, DEPARTURE...
AND VICKIE TAKES HER LEAVE!**

GOODBYE
...INJUN...

CHEER UP, MISS
VICKIE! JONES IS
GONNA HELP ME
ROUND UP THOSE
BUFFALO-HUNTERS!
YUH'LL SEE HIM
PRETTY SOON
WHEN THEY ALL
JINE YUH AS AN
ESCORT!



IT ISN'T RIGHT TO FEEL
THIS WAY ABOUT A...A
SAVAGE! MAYBE IT'LL BE
BETTER IF I NEVER SEE
HIM AGAIN!

THEY GOT
WHAT IT
TAKES,
JONES...
FIGHTIN'
MEN ALL!
...LET'S
GO!

MEBBE YUH DONT LIKE
WHITE MEN, PARDNER...
BUT HERE'S ONE THAT
LIKES INJUN JONES!
THAT'S WHY I'VE
COME ALONG!

I AIN'T MUCH
ON TALK,
WITHERS! LET'S
GIT TO THEM
WAGONS
FAST!

**THE FOLLOWING DAY... WITH
THE BUFFALO-HUNTERS SUMMONED...**

TOO BAD IT'S TAKEN SO LONG TO
GATHER 'EM... I'M WORRIED ABOUT
THE WAGON-TRAIN! HMMM... THEY
SURE ARE A TOUGH-
LOOKIN' LOT!



DON'T WORRY, JONES!
WE'RE CATCHIN' UP
WITH THAT WAGON
TRAIN... **BUT
YUH'RE
NOT!**



BUT... WHY NOT?
WHAT IS THIS,
WITHERS?

OH, CALL IT ANY
REASON YUH WANT
...MEBBE WE JEST
DONT LIKE WHITE
MEN WHO TURN
INJUN! **BUT YORE
NUMBER'S UP!**





ALL RIGHT...NOW YUH KNOW WHO I AM! I HELD YUH OVER TILL I GATHERED MY GANG, BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT ANY MAN LIVIN' WHO COULD PROVE MY CONNECTION WITH THE WAGON TRAIN RAIDERS!



RIGHT! WE'LL SAY THE INJUNS ATTACKED BEFORE WE GOT THERE! LUCKY I KILLED THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER AN' PUT 'EM ON THE WARPATH...IT'LL MAKE MY STORY MORE CONVINCIN'!



THE SECOND I LEARNED THAT OLD LEGEND ABOUT YUH WAS TRUE, I KNEW I HAD TO KILL YUH, AN' TAKE NO CHANCES!

AN' YUH DON'T MEAN TO GUARD THE WAGON TRAIN AT ALL, EH? YUH'RE GONNA RAID IT FER THE GOLD IT'S CARRYIN'!



SO IT WAS YUH THAT MURDERED MANAKA, YUH RAT! BEFORE, I HATED ALL WHITE MEN...NOW I KNOW BETTER! IT'S ONLY YORE TYPE I HATE...THE ENEMY OF ALL MEN, RED AND WHITE ALIKE!

MUCH GOOD IT'LL DO YUH NOW! ...THROW HIM OVER THE CLIFF, BOYS!



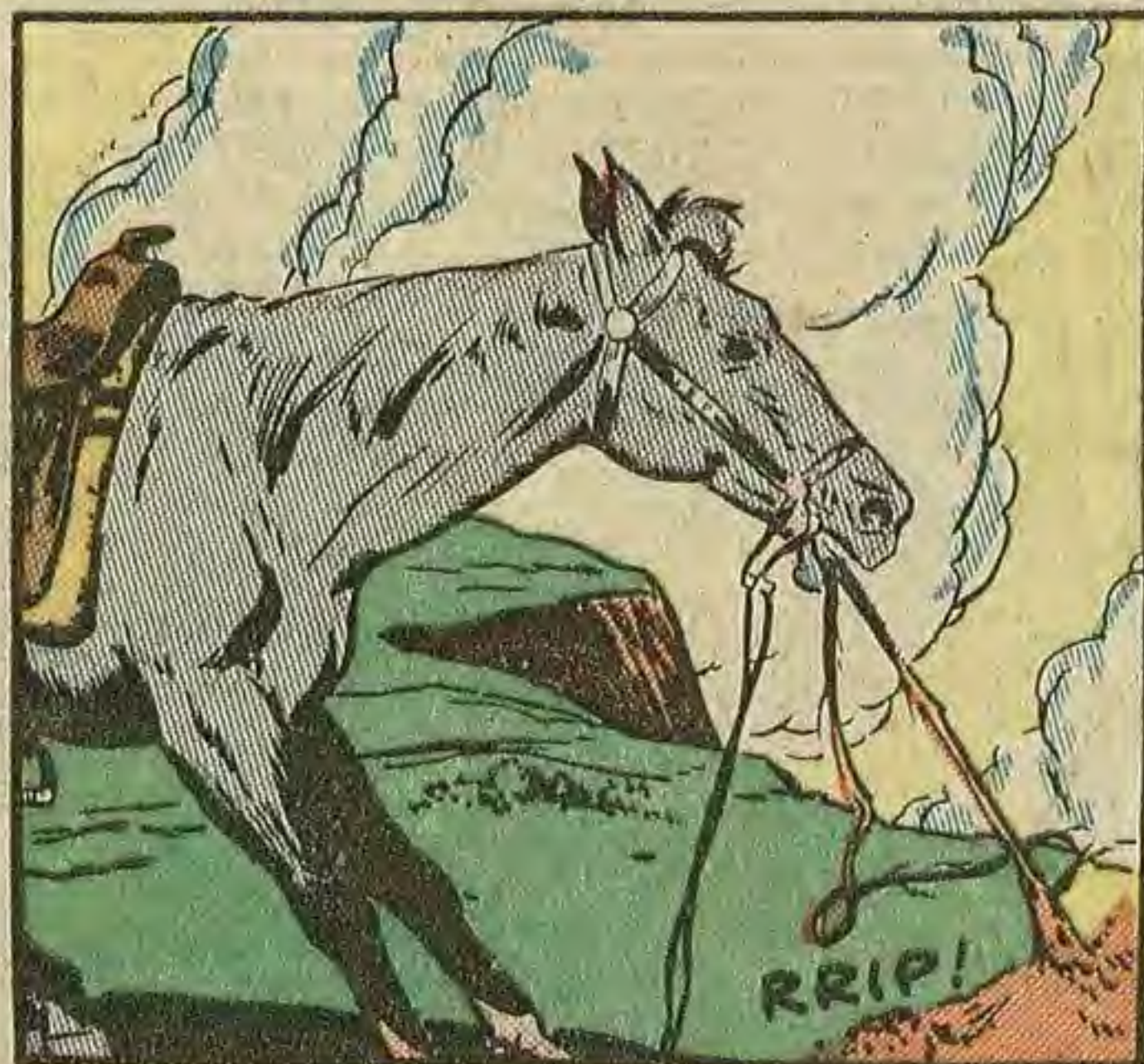
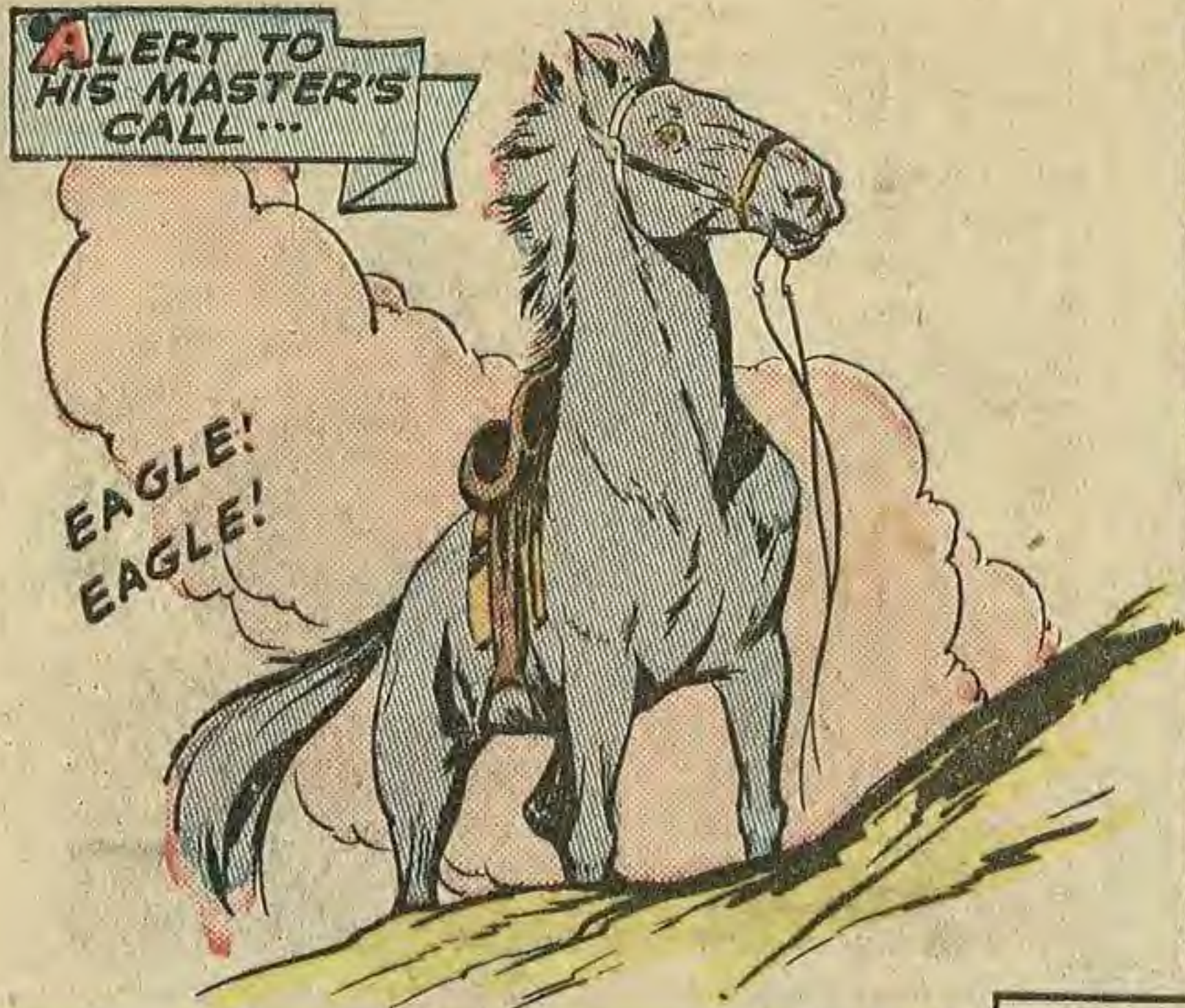
HE'S A GOOD INJUN NOW...A DEAD ONE!



MOMENTS LATER...SAVED BY A MIRACLE...

NO MORE HOOF-BEATS...THEY'RE GONE! ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT!...EAGLE! EAGLE!





THE TREACHEROUS
ONE--IN WHITE
MAN'S GARMENTS!

HE
RETURNS
... TO
DEATH!

WAIT!
I HAVE
WORDS
FOR THE
CHIEF!



TO YOU WHO HAVE TURNED
AGAINST US I DECREE
THE SAME FATE FROM
WHICH YOU SAVED THE
PALEFACE SQUAW--
DEATH AT THE
STAKE!

I FEAR NOT DEATH,
OH CHIEF! BUT FIRST
...LISTEN!



TRUE, I SAVED THE WHITE GIRL... BUT IT
WAS THE CALL OF MY OWN KIND! KILL
ME IF YOU WILL... BUT ALIVE, I CAN
LEAD YOU TO THOSE WHO KILLED
YOUR DAUGHTER!



OUR TRIBE WAITS
YOUR DIRECTIONS!
IF YOU SPEAK
TRULY...

HO, BRAVES...
MOUNT! WE
RIDE THE
WARPATH...
AGAINST
KILLERS!

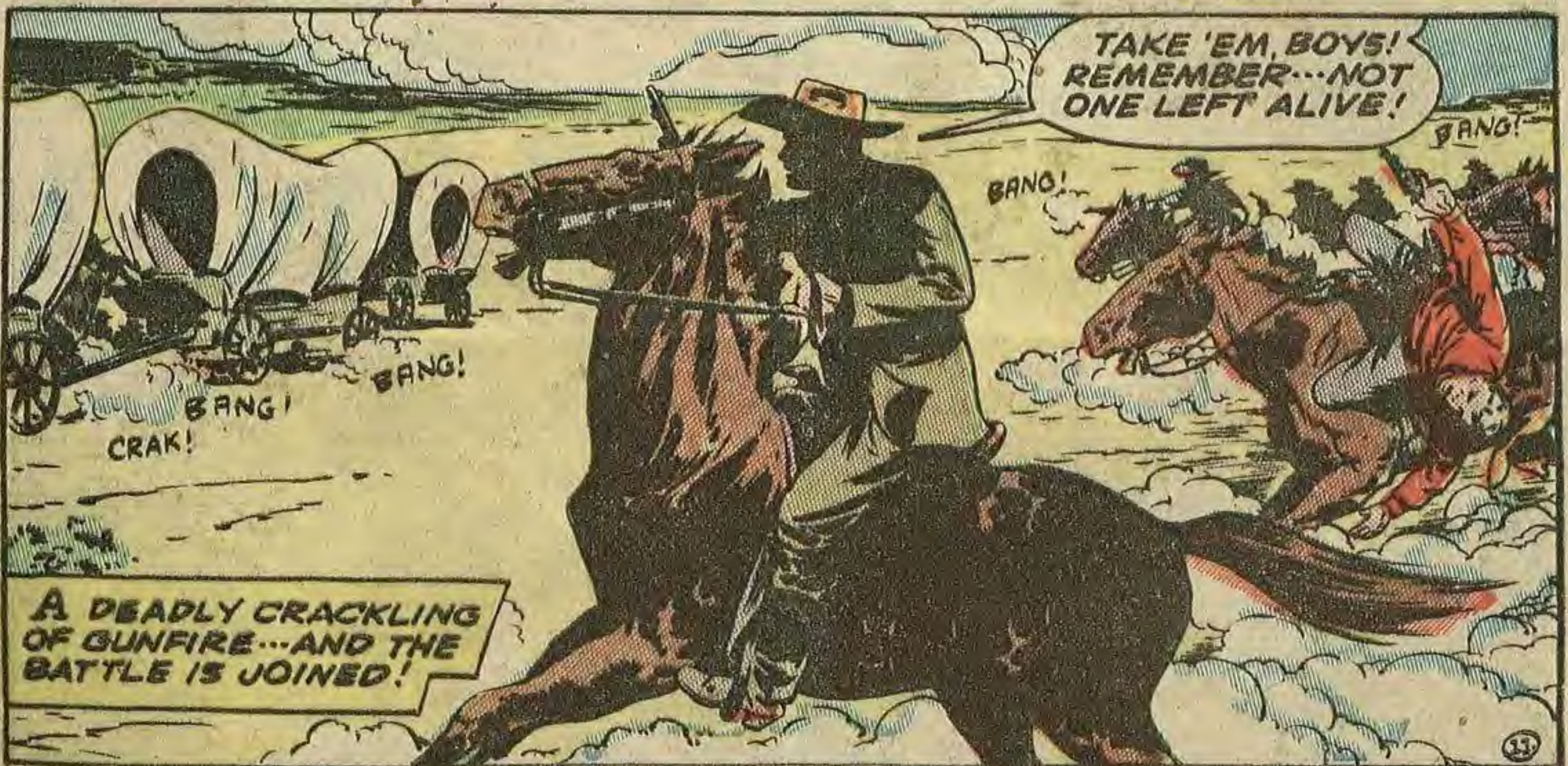
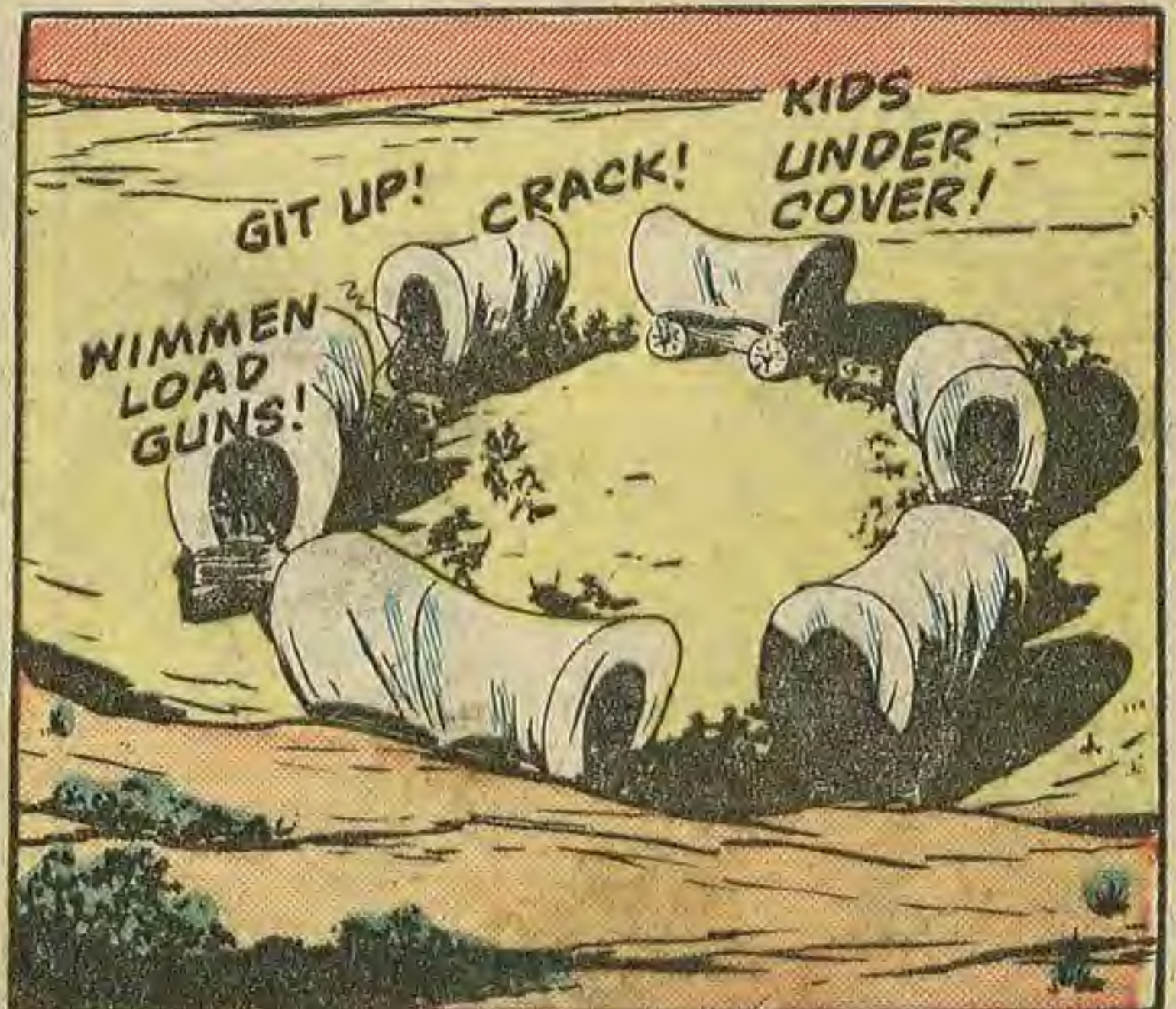
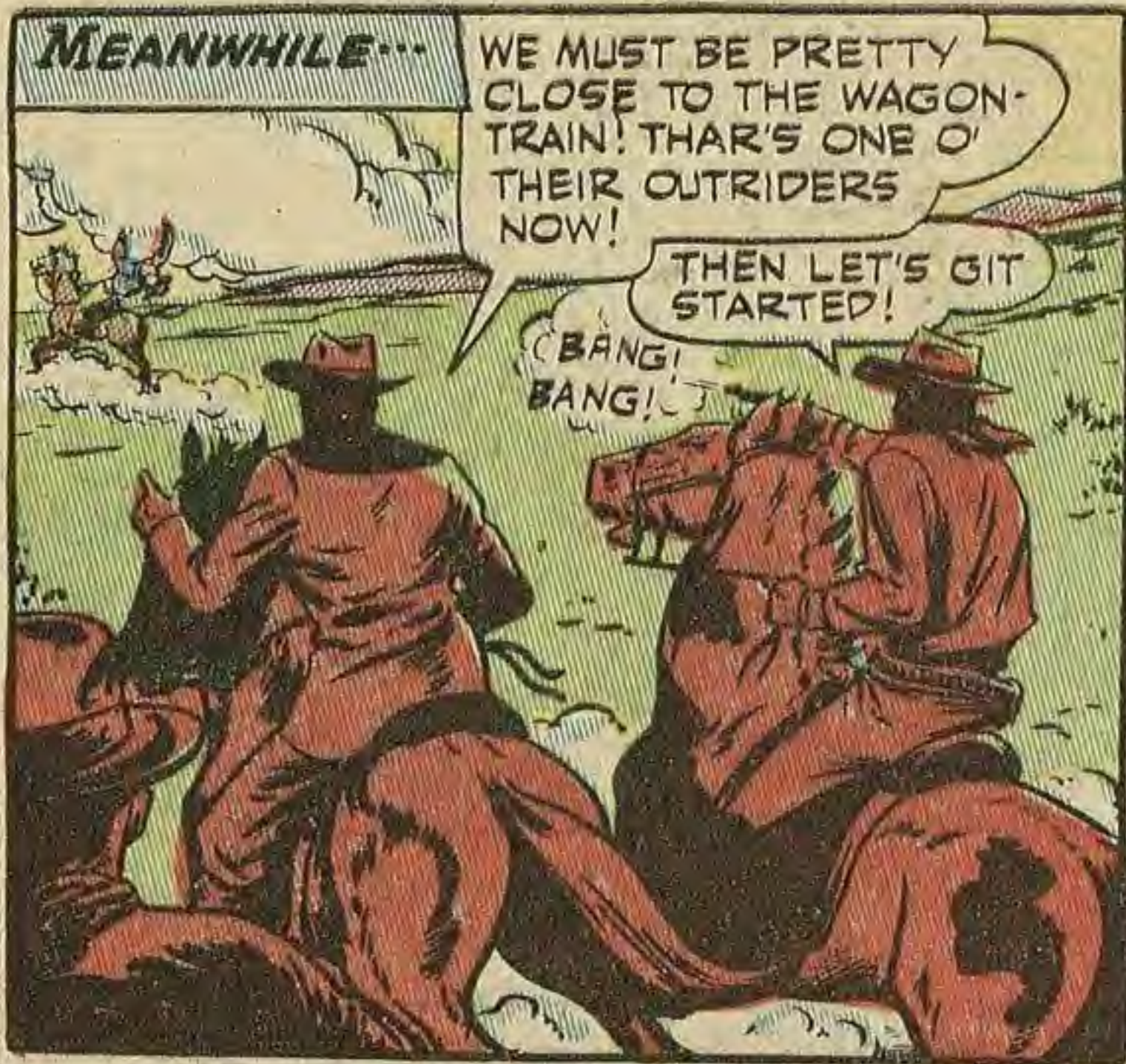


AND THUS
COMMENCED
THE OLD
WEST'S
STRANGEST
SIGHT! A
WHITE MAN,
IN A LIFE-
OR-DEATH
RACE AGAINST
TIME--LEAD-
ING SAVAGE
REDSKINS
TO THE
ATTACK!

FASTER!



KI-YI-YI!
EE-YOWW!



THEY'RE WHITE
MEN...NOT INDIANS!
AND HOSS WITHERS
IS LEADING THEM!

GIT DOWN! THEM
RATS MUSTA GOT
WIND O' THE GOLD
WE'RE TOTIN'! LOOKS
BAD...THEY'RE TOO
MANY FER US!



ARGH!
I'M...
HIT...

ONE MORE CHARGE
AND THEY'LL BREAK
OUR CIRCLE! I'M
AFRAID...IT'S ALL
UP WITH US!



...INJUN JONES LEADS HIS
WARRIORS TO THE ATTACK!

BUT EVEN THEN, WITH THE LIVES OF
THE CARAVAN IN THE BALANCE...

CHARGE!



THIS IS THE BAND
WHOSE LEADER
SLEW OUR CHIEF'S
DAUGHTER, BRAVES!
TAKE 'EM!

EE-YOWWW!
KI-YI-YI!



**REDSKINS VERSUS KILLER
OUTLAWS...AND JUSTICE WINS OUT!**

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN
NOW! I'LL...OOF!

MEBBE YUH GOT
US...BUT I'M
GETTIN' YUH!

BANG!
BANG!



FIRST YORE OLD
MAN...NOW
YOU!

YUH'VE LEFT
ME WITHOUT A
WHITE MAN'S
WEAPON,
WITHERS...

...BUT YUH FORGOT THE
WEAPON AN INJUN
USES BEST...HIS
TOMAHAWK!

AH-HHH!



**AND WHEN THE SMOKE
OF BATTLE CLEARS...**

WOW! NOT ONE
O' WITHERS' BAND
LEFT ALIVE! ONLY
AN INJUN COULDA
COME THROUGH
THAT WAY!

SPECIALLY AN
INJUN NAMED
JONES! I GOT

A HUNCH WE'LL BE
HEARIN' A LOT MORE
ABOUT HIM AROUND
THESE PARTS!

ER...SCUSE
ME, BOYS!



SEEMS LIKE THE
HAND OF FATE,
YOU SAVING ME
AGAIN, INJUN!

WHEN I LOOK AT
YUH, I FERGET THE
INJUN PART OF MY
LIFE, VICKIE! I'M ALL
WHITE MAN!



**THERE'S ANOTHER INJUN JONES
THRILLER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!**

WEAPONS *of the* WEST



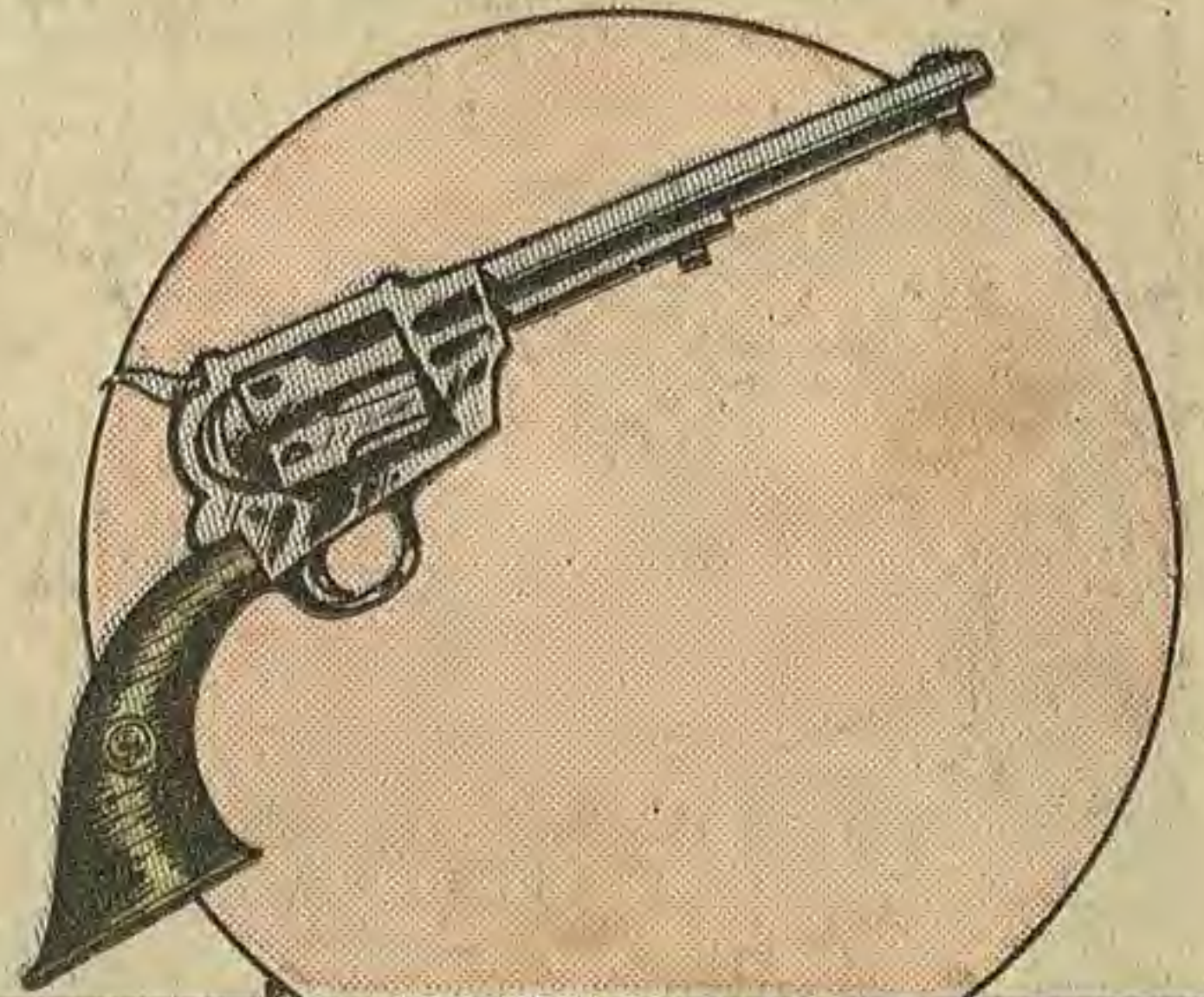
THE TOMAHAWK...WAR-HATCHET OF THE INDIAN! THIS WEAPON WAS ADOPTED BY MANY EARLY FRONTIERSMEN. HURLED OR HELD, IT WAS DEADLY!



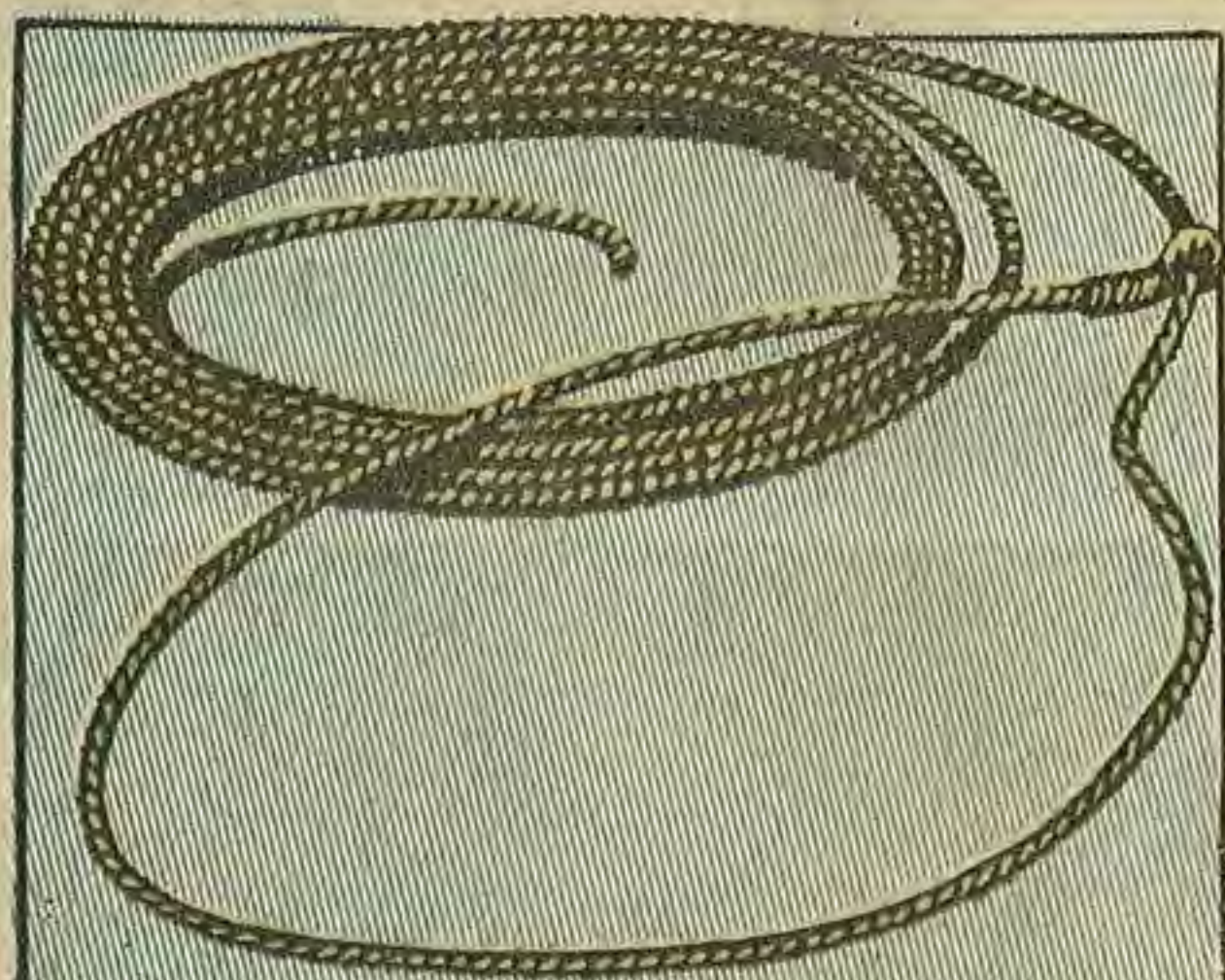
OLD MODEL "POWDER AND BALL" REVOLVER USED ON THE EARLY WESTERN FRONTIER. REPLACED THE SINGLE-SHOT MODELS, BUT OFTEN MISSED FIRE!



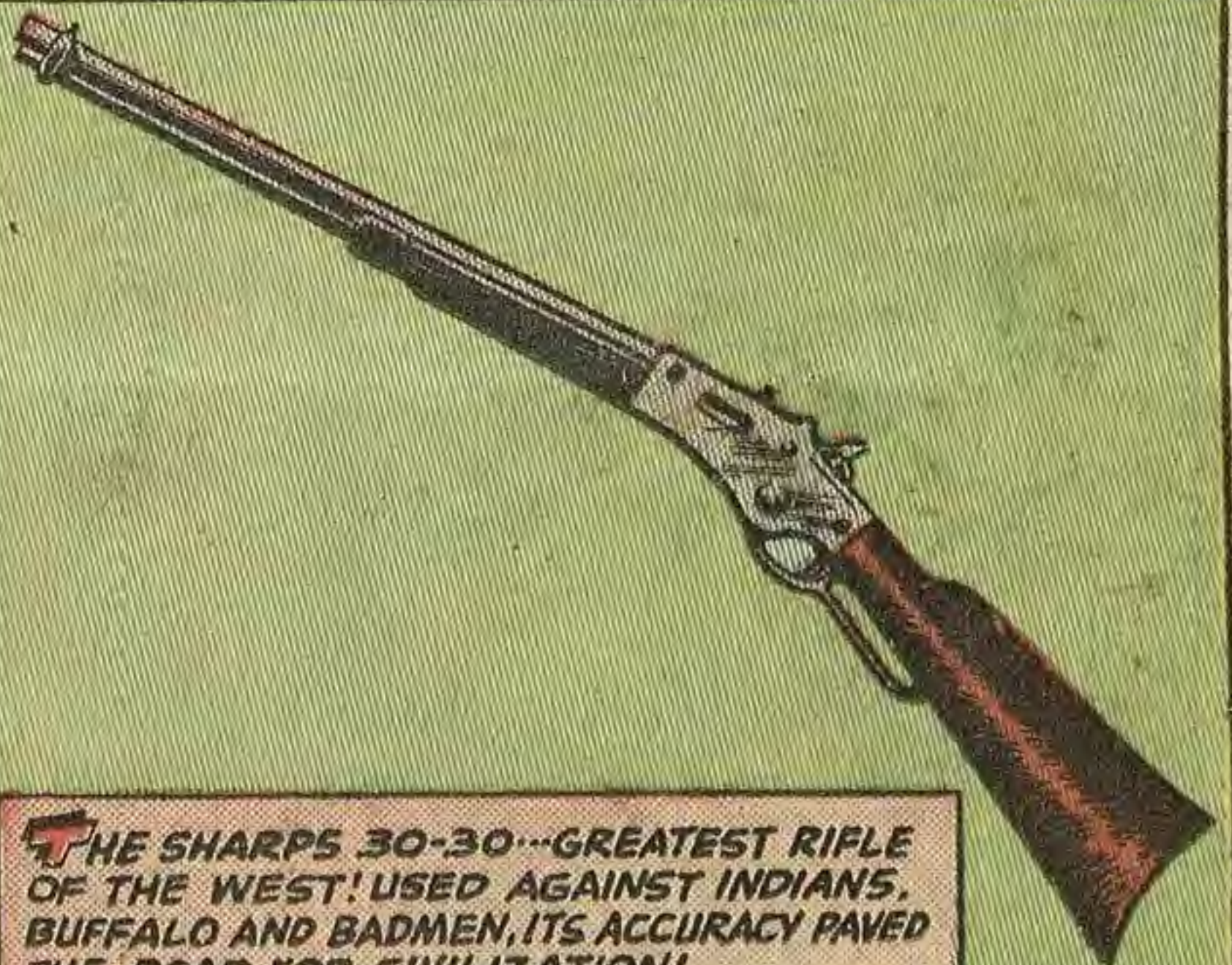
THE BOWIE KNIFE...A FAMOUS HUNTING-KNIFE, LONG THE WEAPON OF THE BORDER. USEFUL AGAINST BOTH MEN AND ANIMALS, IT WAS FIRST INTRODUCED BY JAMES BOWIE, TEXAS PIONEER.



SINGLE ACTION ARMY AND FRONTIER REVOLVER. A FAST-FIRING SIX-SHOOTER CALLED THE "COWBOY'S FRIEND", IT HELPED TO WIN THE WEST!



THE LASSO...KNOWN AS "ROPE" BY THE COWBOY...DID MORE THAN CATCH WILD HORSES AND CATTLE. USED AGAINST OUTLAWS, IT COULD BE AN EFFECTIVE WEAPON!



THE SHARPS 30-30...GREATEST RIFLE OF THE WEST! USED AGAINST INDIANS, BUFFALO AND BADMEN, ITS ACCURACY PAVED THE ROAD FOR CIVILIZATION!

BUFFALO BELLE



DANGER...SHOTS IN THE NIGHT...THE THUDDING OF HOOVES...THE WILD CHEROKEE STRIP KNEW THEM ALL! IT WAS SCARCELY THE PLACE FOR A GIRL...BUT BUFFALO BELLE WAS NO ORDINARY GIRL! STAND BY FOR A HARD-RIDING, FAST-SHOOTING DAUGHTER OF THE OLD WEST...AND WATCH OUT FOR FIREWORKS!

TERROR GRIPS A SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN!

RED CARVER'S RIDIN' FER TOWN, BOYS! IF YUH WANT TO LIVE... SCATTER!



CARVER'S HEADIN' THIS WAY, MIKE...HE'S SET FER KILLIN'! AN' THE SHERIFF'S SET AN AMBUSH FOR HIM...RIGHT OUTSIDE!

ULP! THAT MURDERIN' DESPERADO...COMIN' HERE?



PUT THEM BOTTLES ON THE FLOOR! HURRY! DON'T SIT THERE LIKE A SQUATTIN' INJUN!

AND GIT MY HEAD BLOWN OFF? NOT ME!





HEY, SHERIFF! THAT GIRL'S JUST STANDIN' THERE! SHE'LL BE A CLAY PIGEON IF CARVER OPENS UP!

WELL, I'LL BE!... HEY, YOU... GET INDOORS! TAKE COVER!

WHY? I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHIN'!

MEET 'BUFFALO BELLE' TRENT... HARD-RIDING PRAIRIE SCOUT AND CRACK MARKSMAN... WITH A MIND OF HER OWN!

YUH HEARD WHAT I SAID, GIRL! TAKE COVER!

SO YUH'RE THE NEW SHERIFF WHO'S TRYIN' TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO THE STRIP! WELL, IF THERE'S GOING TO BE ANY SHOOTIN'... I'M STAYIN' RIGHT WHERE I AM!

HAVEN'T YUH ANY SENSE AT ALL? CARVER'S A KILLER! HE'D JUST AS SOON SHOOT A WOMAN AS NOT! I TOOK PAINS ARRANGIN' THIS RECEPTION... AN' YUH'RE NOT SPOILIN' IT!

PUT ME DOWN! OHH!



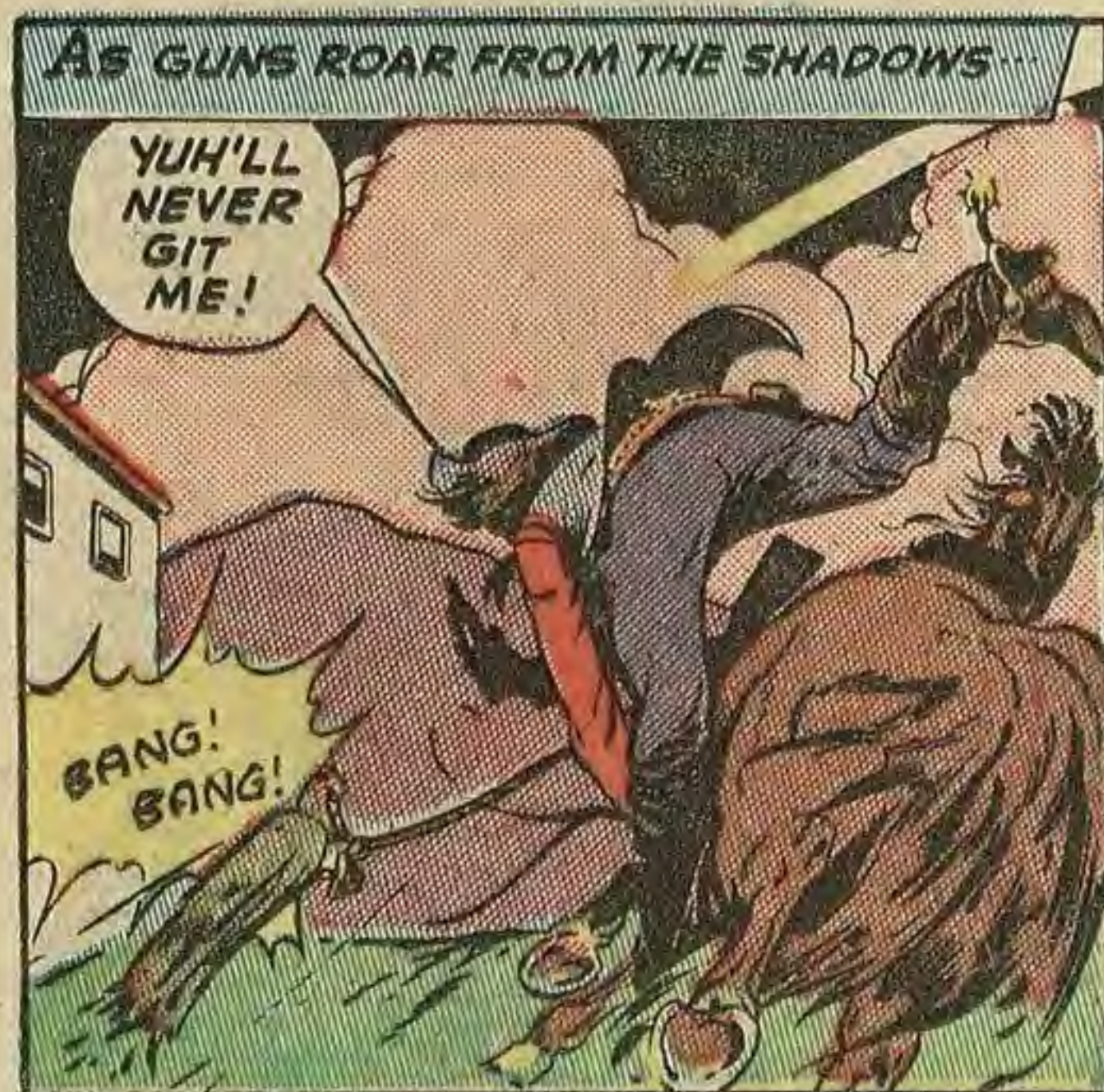
A MOMENT LATER...

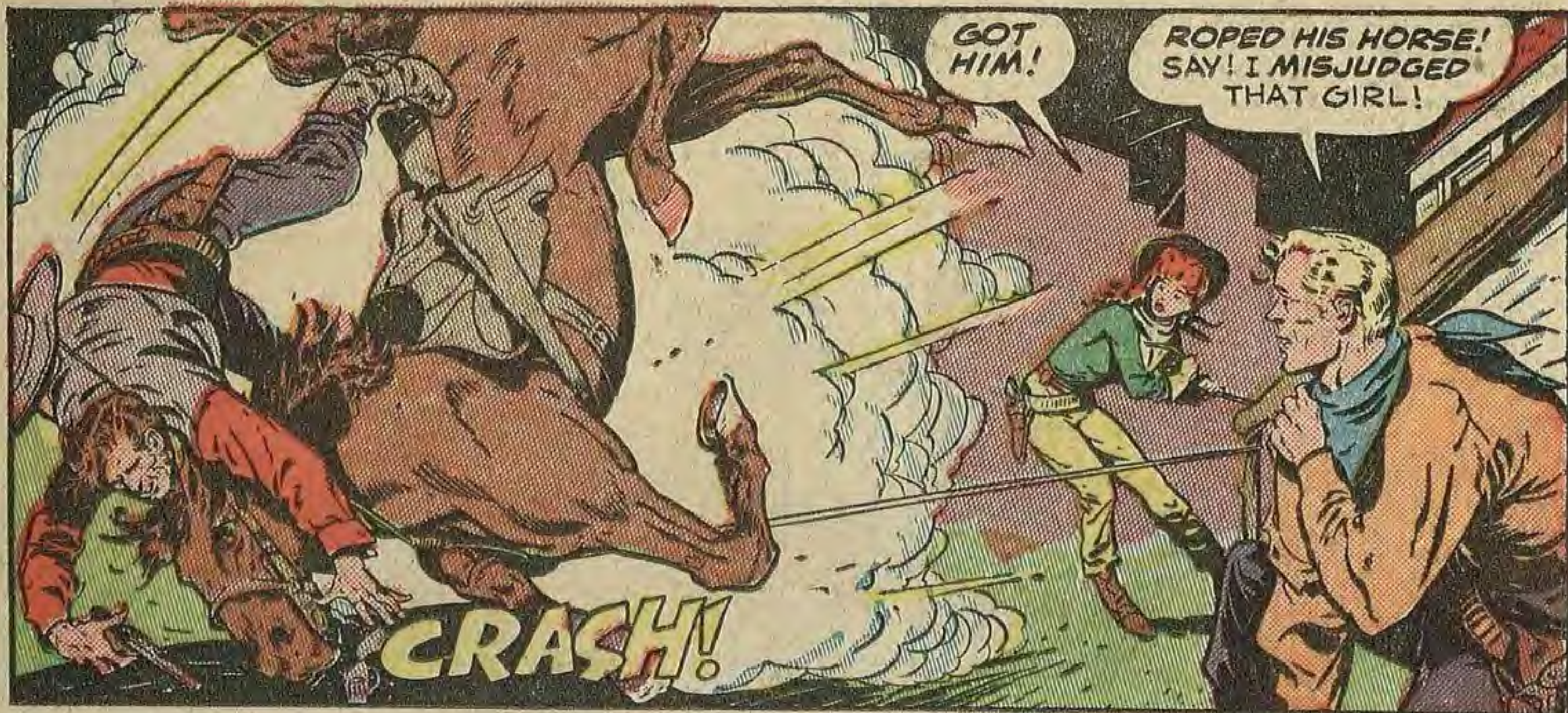
HERE HE COMES, MISS! YUH'RE LUCKY TO BE WHERE HE CAN'T SEE YUH!

THE MOST DANGEROUS BAD MAN IN THESE PARTS, EH? NOW TO WATCH THAT HIGH-AN'-MIGHTY SHERIFF HANLEY SPRING HIS BIG SURPRISE!

WATCH IT NOW! CAREFUL! HE'S AS DANGEROUS AS A RATTLESNAKE!







GOT HIM!

ROPED HIS HORSE!
SAY! I MISJUDGED
THAT GIRL!

CRASH!



BUT THEN... I'VE STILL GOT
A FIGHTIN'
CHANCE TO GIT TO
TH' FOOTHILLS!...AH!
TAKES A KNIFE TO
FREE A HORSE
QUICK!

HE CAN RIDE AS FAST
AS HE CAN SHOOT! I'M
NOT GAININ' ON HIM!

BANG!
BANG!

BANG!



I'VE LOST HIM! HE MUST KNOW
EVERY FOOT OF THIS COUNTRY!
I DO TOO, BUT...THOSE
SHADOWS...



WHEN BELLE RETURNS TO THE HOTEL...

CARVER GOT AWAY!
IS...IS THE SHERIFF
ALL RIGHT?

HE'LL
LIVE,
MISS!



I KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT YUH NOW!
BUFFALO BELLE, THEY CALL YUH!
YUH KIN OUTGUESS AN' OUTSHOOT
A DOZEN MEN! SO...

WELL, I...ER...
WHAT'S ON
YORE MIND,
SHERIFF?

CARVER ROBBED A BANK IN JEFFERSON FALLS AN' MADE OFF WITH THE LIFE SAVIN'S OF HALF THE FARMERS IN THE STRIP! THIS IS STILL A **CATTLEMEN'S TERRITORY**, BELLE! A FEW OF THE CATTLEMEN, LIKE McNALLY, WOULD WANT TO SEE THE FARMERS RUINED! SO THEY'RE STANDIN' BEHIND CARVER AND EGGIN' HIM ON!



CARVER HAS TWO WOUNDED MEN, AN' HE NEEDS SUPPLIES! WHEN I HEARD HE WAS HEADIN' THIS WAY, I TRIED TO AMBUSH HIM! BUT NOW HE'LL TAKE TO THE HILLS AN' COUNT ON GETTIN' HELP FROM McNALLY! THE CATTLEMEN WON'T WANT TO SEE HIM CAPTURED!



YUH KNOW THIS TERRITORY AS WELL AS I DO, BUFFALO BELLE! EVERY FOOT OF IT! CARVER'S GOT TO BE CAUGHT BEFORE HE LEAVES THE STRIP WITH THAT MONEY! I CAN'T GO AFTER HIM MYSELF, SO I'M MAKIN' YUH MY DEPUTY!

M-ME? YOUR DEPUTY?

HOWLIN' COYOTES!



STARTLING NEWS SPREADS QUICKLY!

A FEMALE DEPPITY! DOGGONE---SHERIFF HANLEY MUST BE RUNNIN' A FEVER!

NOT WHEN HE'S CHOSEN **BUFFALO BELLE TRENT**! SHE'S A PRETTY GAL---BUT A **BATTLIN' MAVERICK**!



WITH DAWN, BUFFALO BELLE LEADS A TEN-MAN POSSE INTO THE FOOTHILLS!

A FEW WADDIES PASSED THIS WAY, RIDIN' HARD---CARVER AN' HIS BOYS, I'LL BET! LOOK---THE FOLIAGE IS BROKEN OFF SHARPLY AT THE EDGE OF THE ROAD!

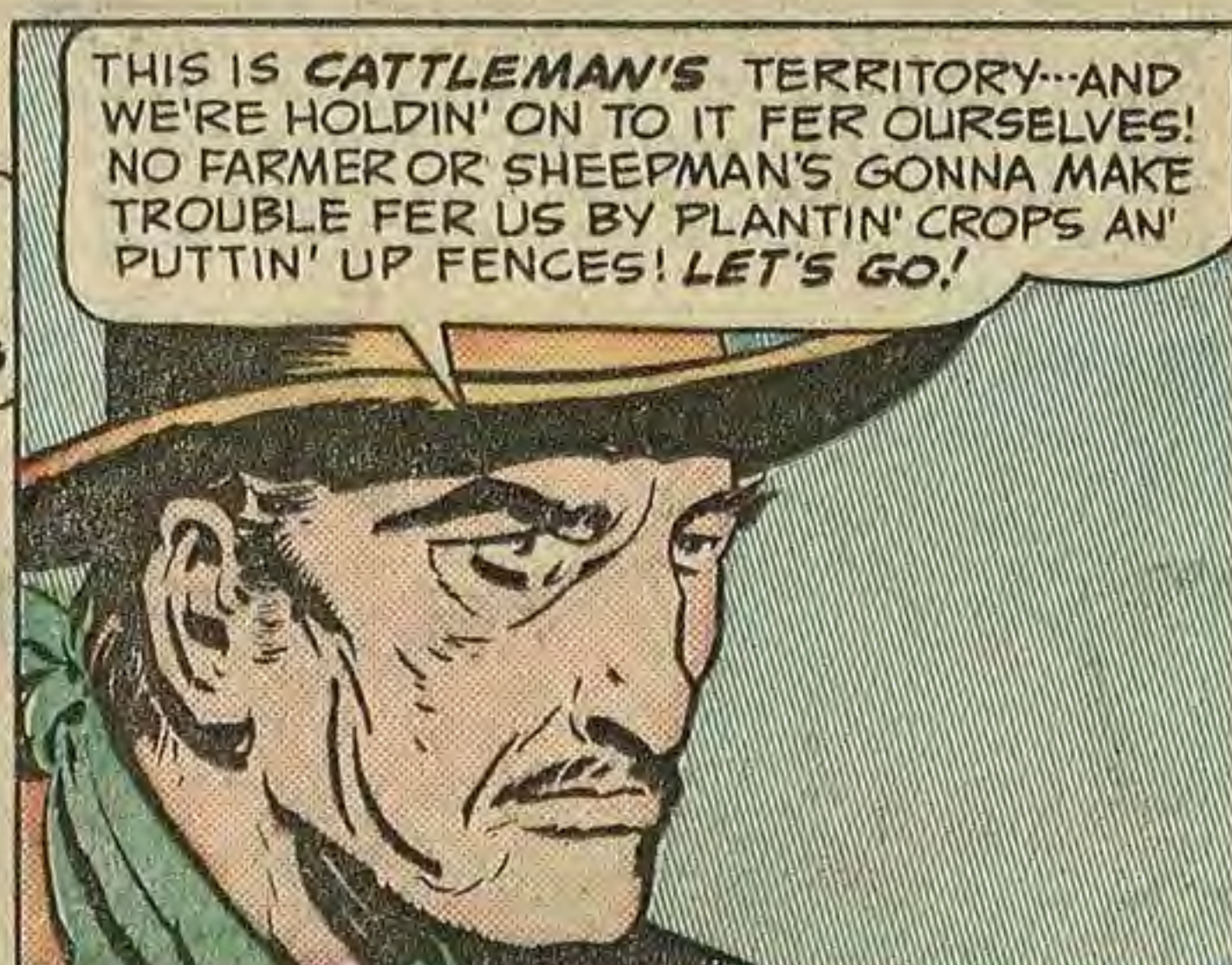
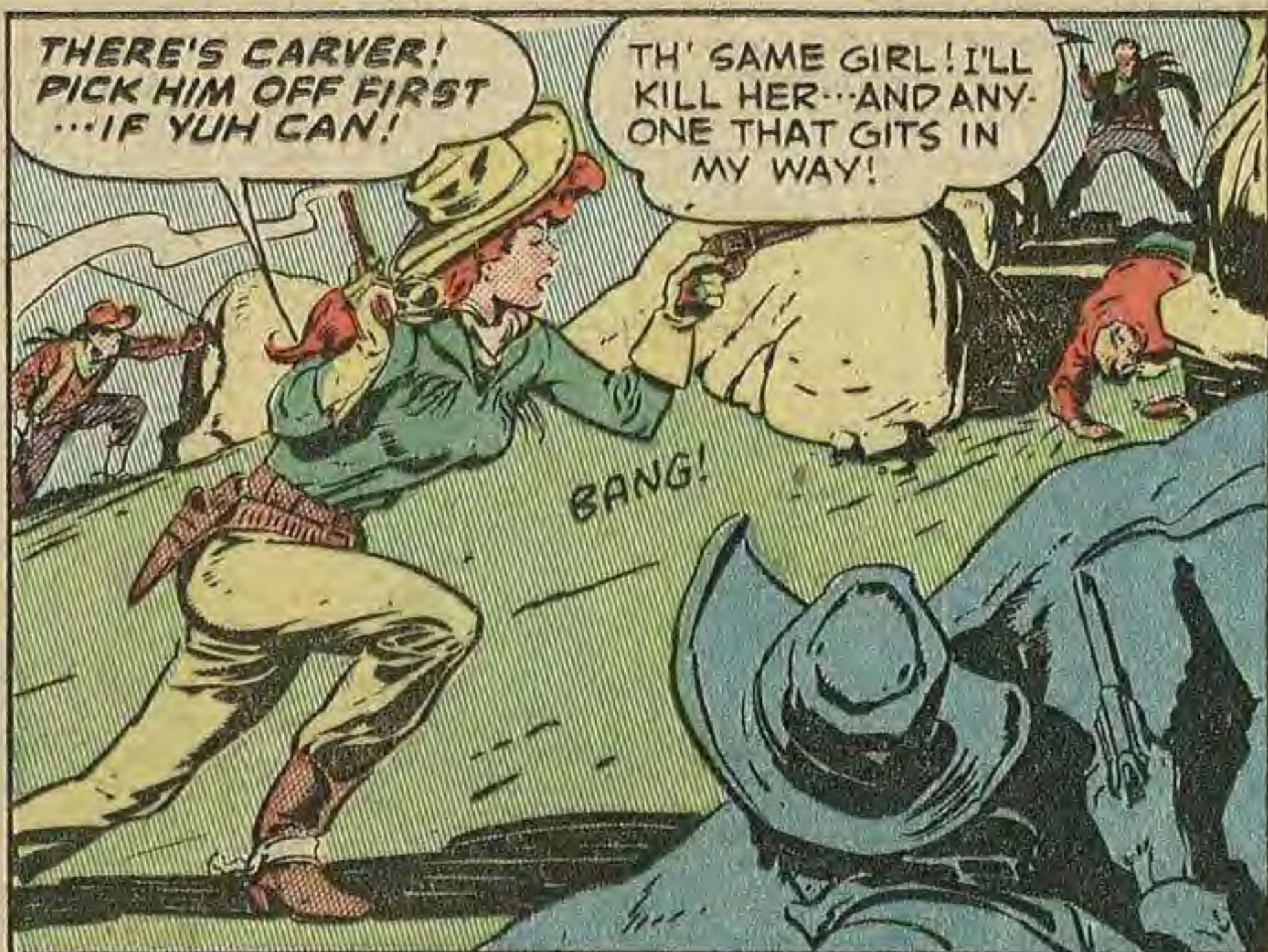
YUH GOT AN EYE LIKE AN EAGLE, BELLE---AN' YUH TRACK LIKE AN **INJUN**!



CAKED BLOOD! NO DOUBT OF IT! LUKE HANLEY SAID TWO OF CARVER'S MEN WERE WOUNDED! IF THEY EASED A WOUNDED MAN AGAINST THAT BOULDER, TO REST HIM AFTER A HARD RIDE---

YEAH! MEBBE THE TRAIL ENDS HERE!





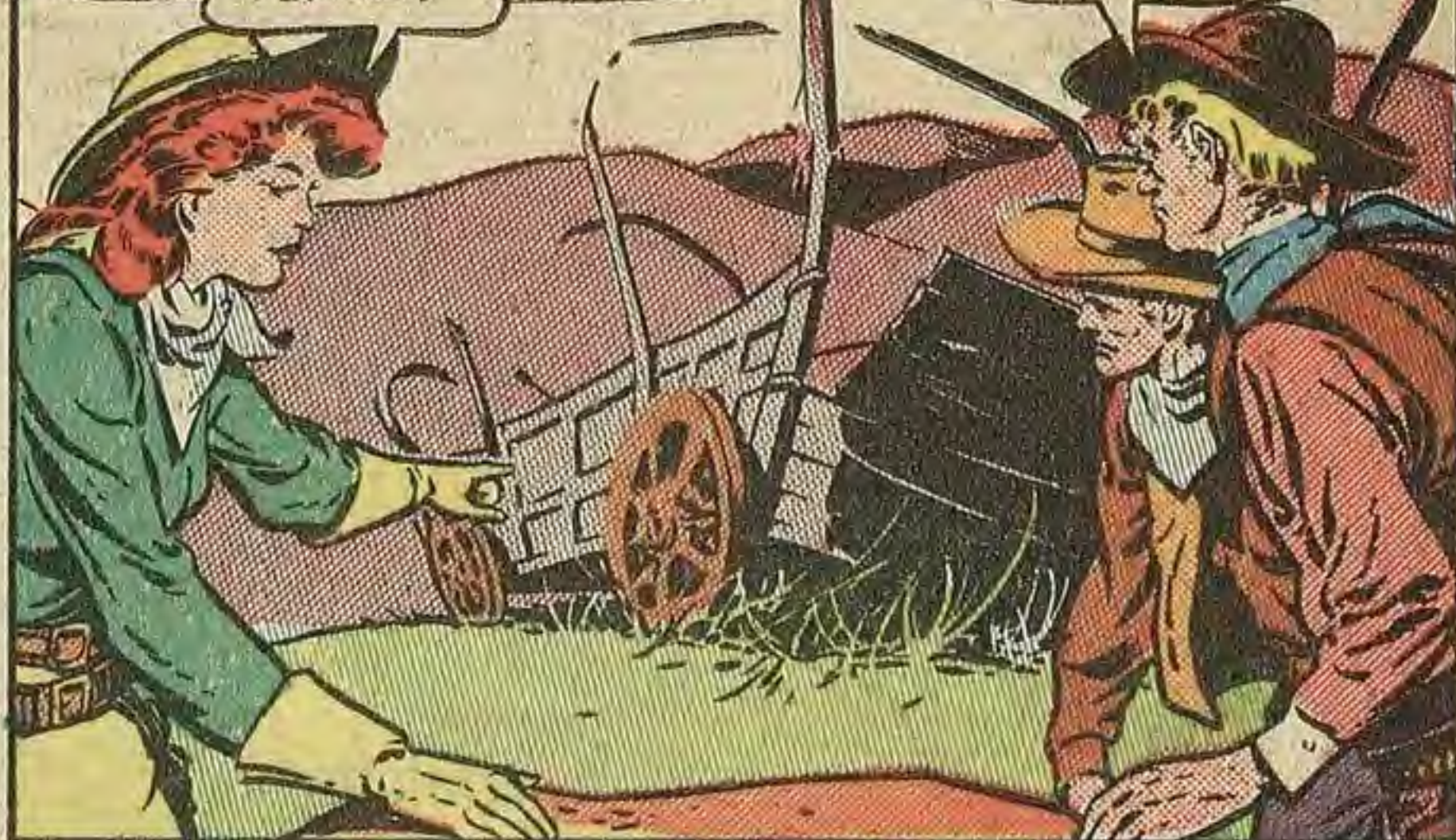
THE POSSE'S OUTNUMBERED!
THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT! WE'VE
GOT TO SAVE THEM!

BUT HOW,
BELLE? EVEN IF WE
COULD GIT TO THEM
IN TIME... THERE'S
ONLY THE
THREE OF
US!



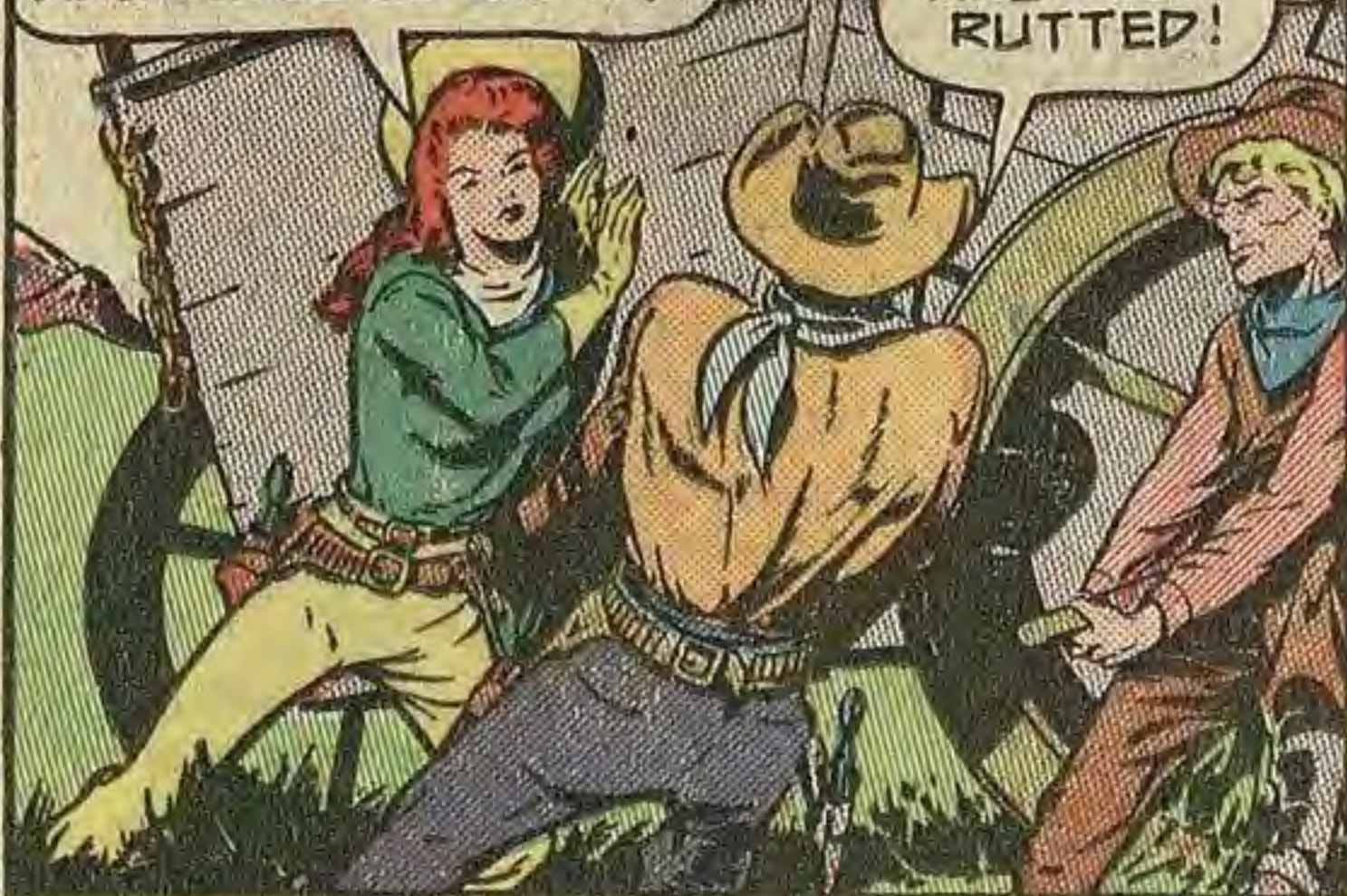
YU'VE SEEN THAT RELIC BEFORE,
I GUESS... IT'S A LANDMARK! A
PRAIRIE SCHOONER! IT'S BEEN
ROTTING THERE FOR THIRTY
YEARS!

SURE I SEEN IT...
DOZENS OF TIMES!
BUT WHAT'S IT
GOOD FER?



WE'LL GET IT MOVIN'! IF WE
PUSH IT TO THE EDGE OF THAT
SLOPE... IT'LL GO CRASHIN'
DOWN INTO THE GULCH
UNDER ITS OWN MOMENTUM!
AND WE'LL BE ON IT!

EASIER
SAID THAN
DONE!...
UGH! THEM
WHEELS SURE
ARE DEEP-
RUTTED!



CLIMB ABOARD!
SHE'S STARTIN'
TO ROLL!



ROLLING... CRASHING... THE OLD WAGON DESCENDS
THE SLOPE LIKE A TWENTY-TON JUGGERNAUT!

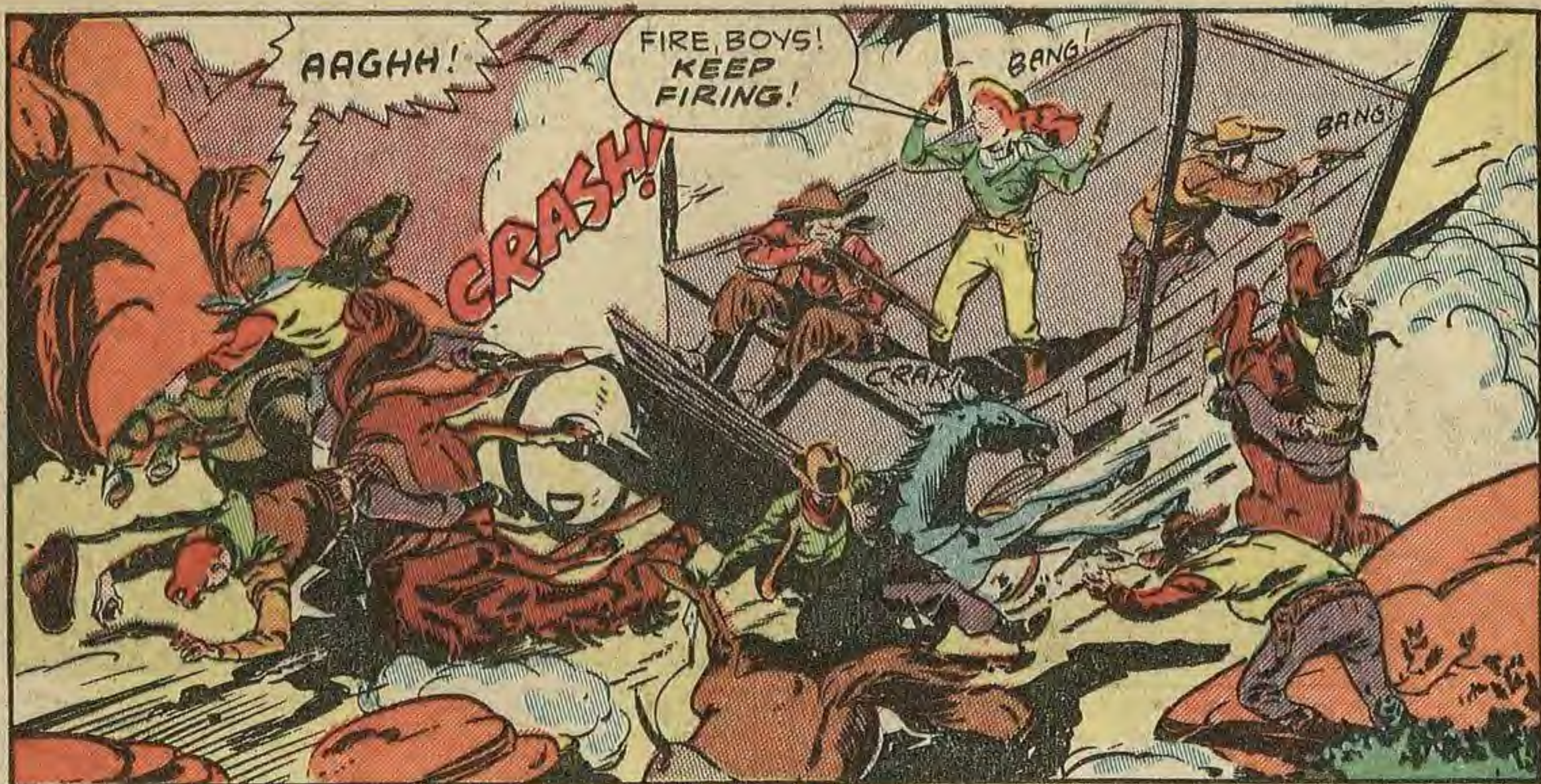
IT'S WORKIN'! WE'RE
HEADIN' RIGHT FOR
MCNALLY'S MEN!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!





BUFFALO BELLE RETURNS--NEXT ISSUE!

TENDERFOOT



The CARTER RANCH...

"ARRIVING ON 3:23 TRAIN TODAY TO TAKE OVER MY HALF OF RANCH... HORACE EDDINGTON BRENTWOOD"...
GOODNESS! WE'LL HAVE TO MEET HIM, RANDY!

RIGHT, MISS MARGIE!

I HOPE THIS HOMBRE'S COMIN' WON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US! I'M ONLY YORE FOREMAN... BUT I BEEN HOPIN' THAT SOME DAY

RANDY BARTON! YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BUNKHOUSE AND SEE WHAT THOSE TWO LAZY COWHANDS OF YOURS ARE UP TO!

SO WE'RE PLAYIN' SEVEN-UP... SO WHAT? WHEN YUH LAID OFF THE OTHER HANDS, YUH DIDN'T KEEP US ON TO MANICURE COWS!

UH-HUH! YUH'RE HERE TO HELP MY LITTLE PLAN ALONG... AN' NOW IT'S TIME TO STRIKE!



THIS IS A RICH SPREAD, AN' I'M AIMIN' TO TAKE IT OVER! THE TWO HEIRS ARE STANDIN' IN MY WAY... **BUT NOT FER LONG!** I MEAN TO MARRY MARGE CARTER...AN' DO A JOB ON THAT TENDERFOOT WHO'S DUE IN THIS AFTERNOON! **BOYS, WADDEYA SAY TO STAGIN' AN' OLD-FASHIONED WESTERN TRAIN HOLDUP?**



BARTON AND HIS BOYS CRACK DOWN!

HOLD 'EM HERE, CHUCK...WE'RE GOIN' BACK! THERE'S ONLY ONE CAR...WHICH'LL MAKE FINDIN' THAT CERTAIN PASSENGER A **CINCH!**



ALL RIGHT, FOLKS... **REACH FER THE SKY!**



YUH'RE THE WADDY I'M AFTER...GOT YORE UNCLE'S BUILD! I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE...**TAKE THAT!**



DON'T NOBODY MOVE! ...LET'S VAMOSE! WITH THAT SHORTCUT, WE CAN GIT BACK FAST!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

WHAT KEPT YOU, RANDY? HERE COMES THE TRAIN NOW!

SHE'LL NEVER KNOW I KILLED THE HOMBRE WE CAME TO MEET! BUT I HADDA GIT HERE TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES!



I...I'M HORACE EDDINGTON BRENTWOOD...IS THERE ANYONE HERE TO MEET ME?...GOODNESS, SUCH AN **AWFUL JOURNEY...**

WHAT! YOU? I...DIDN'T EXPECT...

TARNATION! I GOT THE WRONG MAN!



**AS THEY WALK OFF...THE
EASTERNER'S EYES ARE BUSY...**

OH, THERE WAS A
TERRIBLE SHOOT-
ING ON THE TRAIN!
I WAS **SO**
FRIGHTENED...

I'LL MAKE UP FER
MY MISTAKE...THIS
SOFTY'LL BE
EASY!



Next morning... WELL...ER...

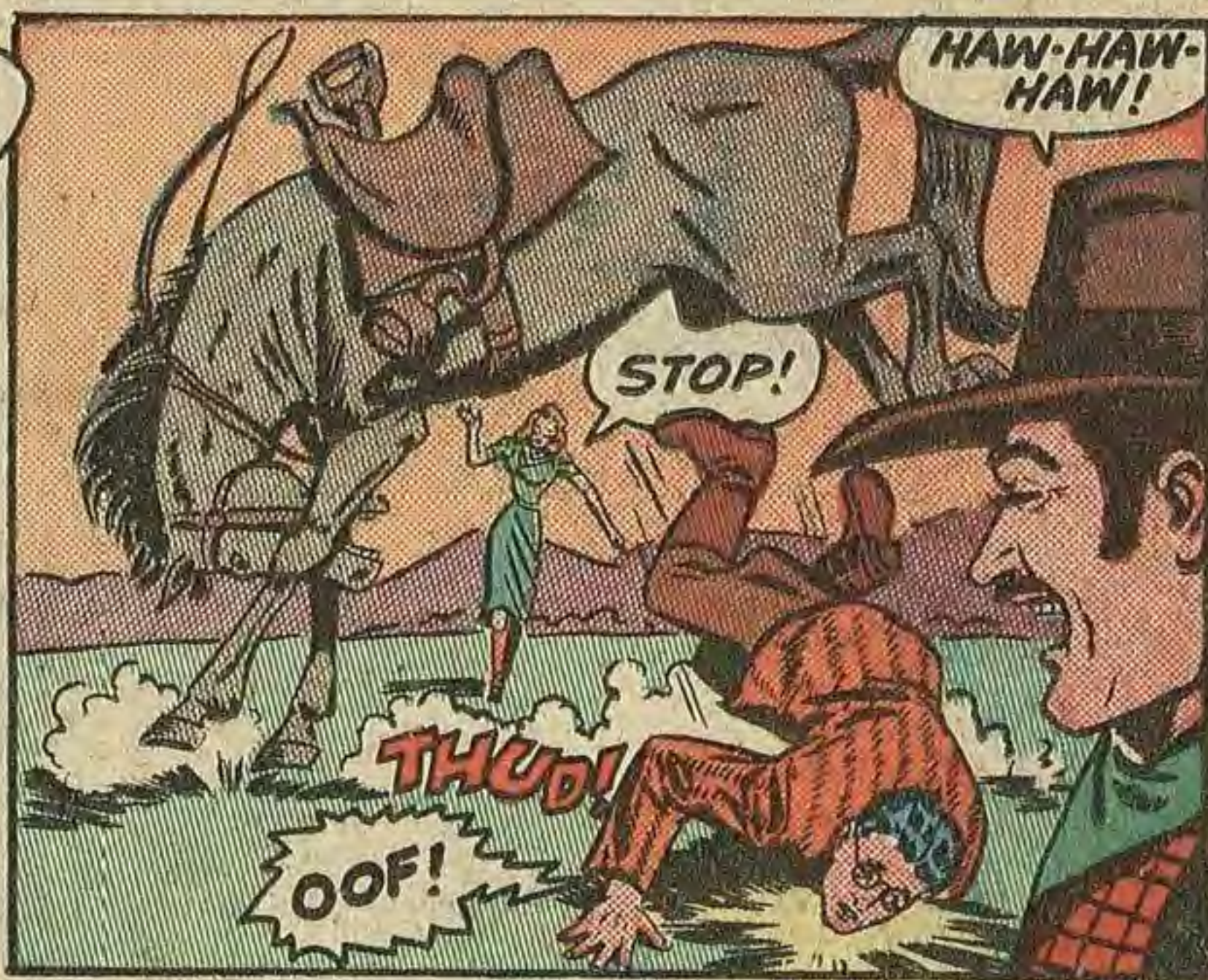
HAW-HAW! IF
EVER I SAW A
TENDERFOOT
...THAT'S WHAT
WE'LL CALL
YUH FROM
NOW ON...
TENDERFOOT!

I DON'T EX-
ACTLY LIKE THE
SOUND OF IT,
BUT I GUESS
THAT'S WHAT I
AM, AFTER ALL!
ER...DO YOU THINK
YOU COULD TEACH
ME TO RIDE A
HORSE?



IT'S NICE OF YOU
TO TEACH ME SO
PROMPTLY! ARE
YOU SURE THIS
HORSE IS
S-SAFE?

**SAFE AS A
ROCKIN'-CHAIR!**
YUH'LL SEE!



YOU OUGHT
TO BE
ASHAMED
OF YOURSELF,
RANDY
BARTON!

I'M JUST TRYIN'
TO TEACH HIM
WESTERN WAYS,
MISS MARGIE...
HONEST! WATCH
...I'M GONNA SHOW
'IM ABOUT SHOOTIN'
NOW!...**HERE...**
TAKE THIS!

G-GOODNESS!



IS...IS **THIS**
THE WAY YOU
HOLD IT?

NAW, **TENDER-**
FOOT... YUH USE
ONLY **ONE**
HAND! THERE'S
A TARGET FER
YUH...THAT PRAIRIE-
DOG OVER THERE!



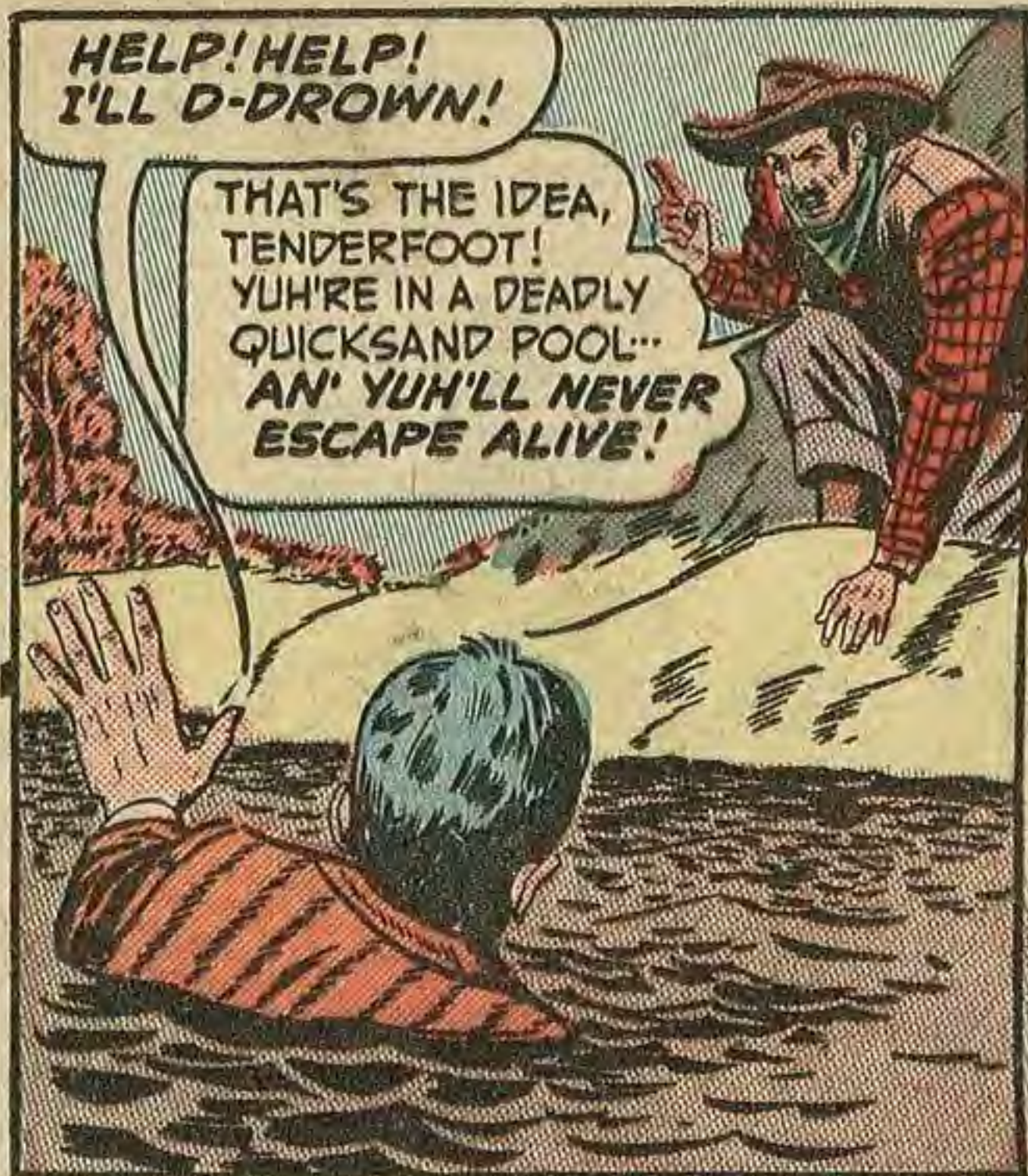
A...A
WILD
ANIMAL!
OH-HHHHH!

WELL,
I'LL BE!
HE'S
FAINTED!

HO-HO!
THAT
SOFTY'S
KILLIN'
ME!





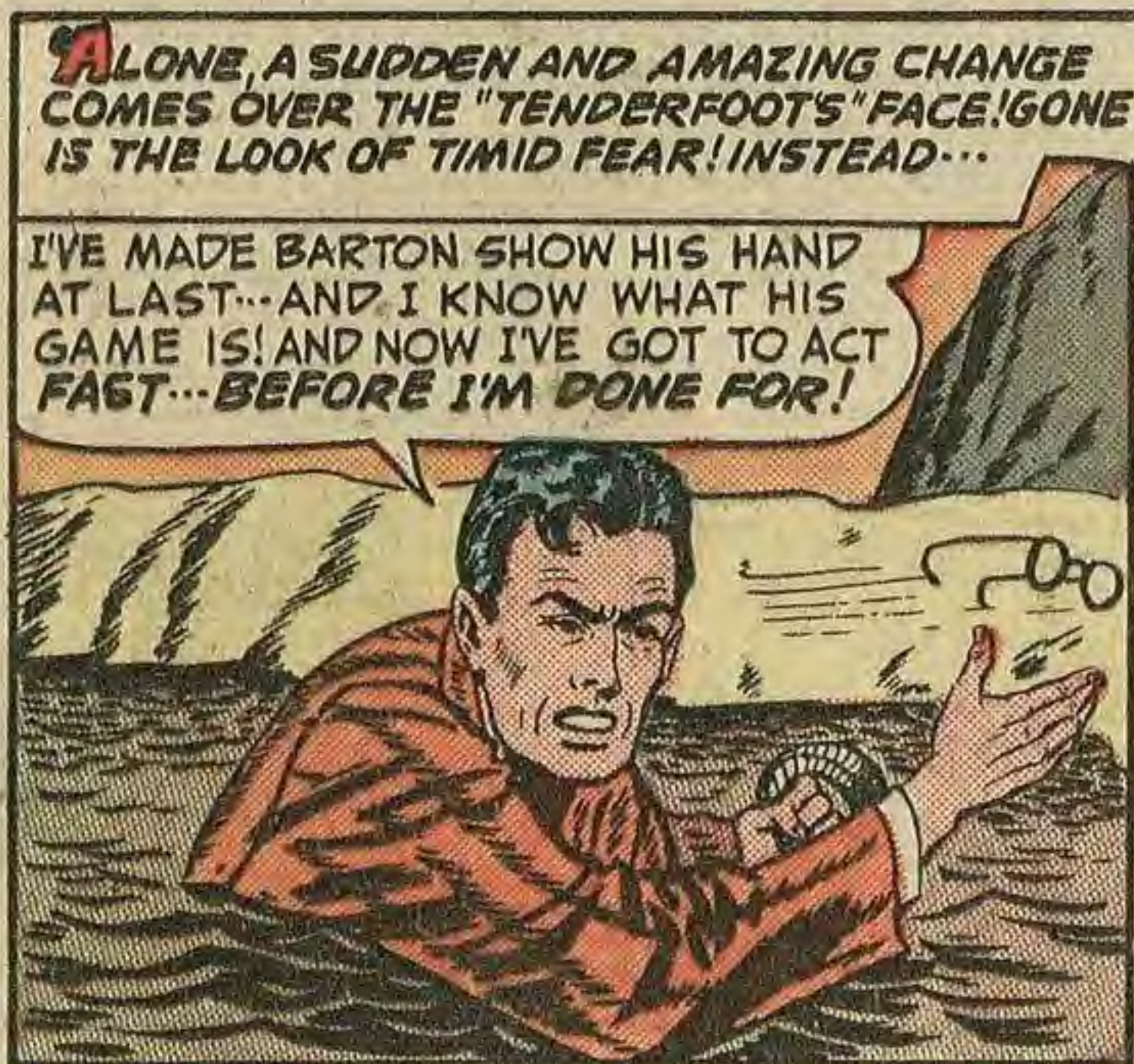


HELP! HELP!
I'LL D-DROWN!

THAT'S THE IDEA,
TENDERFOOT!
YUH'RE IN A DEADLY
QUICKSAND POOL...
AN' YUH'LL NEVER
ESCAPE ALIVE!



YORE DEATH'LL MAKE THE RANCH MISS
MARGIE'S...BUT DON'T WORRY! I'M GOIN'
BACK TO ATTEND TO THAT LITTLE
DETAIL RIGHT NOW! S'LONG,
SUCKER!



ALONE, A SUDDEN AND AMAZING CHANGE
COMES OVER THE "TENDERFOOT'S" FACE! GONE
IS THE LOOK OF TIMID FEAR! INSTEAD...

I'VE MADE BARTON SHOW HIS HAND
AT LAST...AND I KNOW WHAT HIS
GAME IS! AND NOW I'VE GOT TO ACT
FAST...BEFORE I'M DONE FOR!



THAT DOES IT!
LUCKY I LEARNED THIS
TRICK AS A KID WHEN
WE USED TO PLAY
**COWBOYS AND
INJUNS** BACK
HOME!



WITH DESPERATE
STRENGTH ...

THAT
QUICKSAND'S
...POWERFUL
STUFF...BUT
I'M FREE
AT LAST!

WHAT A FIX I'M IN NOW! I'VE
GOT TO GET BACK TO THE RANCH
IN TIME TO SAVE MARGIE...BUT
HOW, WITHOUT A HORSE?

I'VE GOT IT! THAT WILD
STALLION! THERE'S JUST ONE
CHANCE IN A MILLION OF CAPTUR-
ING HIM...BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE
IT!



HASN'T HEARD ME YET! MY
KID INJUN GAMES ARE PAY-
ING OFF AGAIN...AT LEAST,
THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO
MOVE QUIETLY!



HOLD IT, BABY!
YOU'RE ALL
MINE!



MAN VS. BEAST IN AN
EPIC STRUGGLE!

WHEW!
IT'S LIKE...
RIDING...A
TORNADO!



I DIDN'T WIN HORSE-
MANSHIP EXHIBITIONS
BACK EAST FOR
NOTHING! AND I
THINK I'M WINNING
THIS ONE TOO!



FINALLY, CONQUEST...AND A
RACE AGAINST TIME!

BARTON WON'T STOP AT MURDER!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RANCH
FAST...OR
MARGE
DOESN'T
STAND A
CHANCE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE
CARTER RANCH...

THE SOFT STUFF IS OUT,
SEE? YUH'RE SIGNIN'
THAT DEED TO THE
RANCH... RIGHT
NOW!

YOU
BRUTE!
MY SIGNATURE'S
USELESS ANYWAY
...THE TENDERFOOT
OWNS HALF THIS
SPREAD!



HE OWNED HALF, YUH MEAN!
HE'S DEAD NOW...WHICH
MEANS YOU OWN THE
WHOLE RANCH! GO
AHEAD...SIGN!

I WON'T!
IF I DO, YOU'LL
KILL ME
TOO!



AND IF YOU
DON'T
SIGN...

HELP!
HELP!





WILDMAN PETERS

YOUNG TED PETERS was afraid of everything. He'd always been a sickly boy, shielded from all danger. And now, at twenty, he was up against the greatest problem of his career, and lacking the courage and strength with which to meet it!

That problem was Concho McCoy, one of the most deadly killers of the west. He and his men had but recently invaded the San Morales Valley—and coincident with their coming, a mysterious wave of violence had broken out. Cattle were being run off, cowpunchers ambushed, ranches burned. And shortly thereafter, McCoy would appear at the stricken ranches, alone, and offer to buy them out for a song. Nobody could prove that he was behind the terror, but the ranchers were selling out—because too often, when they didn't, there was further violence. Better to sell out while they still had something to sell, they figured, and gave in. And now McCoy was at the Peters Ranch, offering a pittance for a fine spread! "Don't sell, pop," Ted pleaded. "Yuh can't let the place go for what he's offerin'!"

Then it was as if lightning had struck. McCoy's brawny fist shot forth, connecting squarely, and poor Ted crashed to the floor. "I don't like buttinskis," the badman said coldly. Then, turning to the boy's father, he growled, "That'll teach yuh I mean business! I'll give yuh plenty o' time to make up yore mind—but remember, the price'll be lower when yuh *do* decide to sell!"

That was the way McCoy worked.

He left, and Mr. Peters helped Ted to his feet. The old man was bitter. "I'm too old to fight 'im," he mumbled, "and my son's a weakling!" There it was again—the old insult. A weakling! Stumbling to his room, Ted spent an unhappy hour, face to face with the truth. In a country of hard-fighting men, what did he have with which to make his way? A body lacking strength, a heart lacking courage. No use dodging the issue—he was nothing but a puny coward! But did he *always* have to be one? Couldn't he change? It was a brand-new idea for Ted Peters, an idea which frightened him by its very daring. Taking a deep breath, he opened a cabinet, and extracted from it a cartridge belt and holstered pistol.

The following morning Ted rode out on the range, alone. And the hills echoed to constant gunfire, as, selecting his targets, he set about perfecting his aim. It was just the beginning of an ambitious schedule he'd set for himself. From there he went on practicing a fast draw—and, even more important, developing his strength. Day after day he toiled and sweated, until the arduous training bore dividends. Bullets plunked straight to their mark as his shooting-eye gained new keenness. His draw became a thing of lightning speed. But best of all was the change in his bodily strength. Constant exercise filled out his frame, and supple muscles grew and hardened.

This was the new Ted Peters, strong and resolute. It had taken time, during which Concho McCoy had not been idle,

either. His marauding band had continued its evil work, until rancher after rancher was only too glad to sell out to him. And still there was no evidence against him, no proof that he was the man behind the reign of terror which was sweeping the San Morales Valley. It was only a matter of time before he called on the Peters ranch again, and unfortunately, he picked a time when only old Mr. Peters was at home. Ted returned from his daily exercises to find the burly McCoy, a sneer on his face, folding a deed which the frightened old man had just signed. "I—I've sold the ranch, boy," he said weakly. "He started talkin' about how easy fires start in places like this, an' I knew I was licked! \$500 I got—fer a \$10,000 spread!"

Ted could feel himself turning white. It was the moment of decision! He had built his body—but had he built his courage equally? Could he steel himself to face the most dangerous desperado in Nevada? Momentary fears rose to plague him, but he forced them down as he moved slowly towards McCoy. "We're returnin' that money," he breathed. "An' yuh're returnin' the deed—unless it's trouble yuh're lookin' fer!"

"Trouble?" jeered McCoy. "Who from, sonny-boy—yuh? I'll fix yuh like I did the last time! An' nobody else kin make trouble fer me, either. Yuh can't hook me up with all this ruckus around the valley!"

Ted thought fast, and came up with a monumental bluff. "That's what yuh think," he retorted. "One of yore men was drunk last night, an' spilled the whole setup to me! I got enough to hang yuh, an' when I tell the sheriff—"

The ruse worked—too well! "Mebbe yuh're lyin'," growled McCoy, "but I

ain't takin' no chances!" It happened unexpectedly then. A gun roared, and Ted felt a burning sensation in his shoulder. He was going down—the killer was preparing for a finishing shot! But even before his body hit the floor, Ted was already in action. In one fast, fluid motion, he drew and fired. Long hours of practice paid off as a bullet crashed squarely through the outlaw's gun-arm!

Neither man was finished, and McCoy, for one, was unprepared for what happened next. Ted, the former weakling, came up from the floor like a fighting cyclone! He had only one arm to fight with—but so did McCoy! It was an epic battle which required all of the youngster's newly-trained muscles. Time and again the badman sent him crashing back—but time after time he returned to the attack, fighting with the ferocity of an angered wildcat! Finally McCoy reeled before a terrific blow to the pit of the stomach—and went down to utter defeat as a powerful uppercut all but ripped his head from his shoulders! "D-don't hit me again," he mumbled through battered lips.

Ted stood over him like a wildman. "I've only started!" he breathed, lips white. "Unless yuh do two things! First, return all the land yuh've taken over in these parts—an' second, sign a full confession about what yuh've been up to! Are yuh gonna play nice, or do I hafta rip yuh apart?"

McCoy played nice. The sheriff took care of him, and from that day on, the San Morales Valley was a peaceful and contented spot. There's been no trouble since, for lawbreakers have steered clear of that locality. You see, they knew that they had a *he-man* to contend with—*Wildman Ted Peters!*

POWDER RIVER

PETE

OH, BURY ME-EE 2'
NOT-- ON THE
LO-OO-NE 2'
PRAIR-REEE 2'

IF IT WAS
ONLY COLD,
I COULD
WEAR
EAR MUFFS!



OH
BURY 2'
MEEEE! 2'

YA KNOW, MAYBE
IT WOULDN'T BE
A BAD IDEA AT
THAT!

SOMEONE'S
A-SHOOTIN'!

BANG!
BANG!



TO THE RESCUE! AH'M
A-COMIN', LITTLE GAL!
AH'M A-COMIN'!

TAKE IT
EASY, PAL!
IT'S PROB-
ABLY SOME
GUY HUNTIN'
RABBITS!

WAL, ANYWAYS,
AH HATES FOLKS
WHO HARM
INNOCENT LI'L
ANIMULES!

YEAH? HOW
ABOUT
FRIED
CHICKEN?

JUST AS AH
THOUGHT! A PORE
LI'L BUNNY!
AH'LL FIRST
AID TH' LI'L
FELLER!

HE DON'T 'PEAR
TO BE BULLET-
WOUNDED NO PLACE!
HE'S PROBABLY
JEST TOOK A
FAINTIN'
SPELL!

LOOKS TO ME
LIKE HE'S
READY FOR
TH' LONE
PRAIRIE!

OH! TH' HORROR
OF IT!
BRANDY!
BRANDY!

SEE THAR, RUSTY! TH'
PORE CRITTER IS JEST
A PLUMB NERVOUS
WRETCH! HE'S GONNA
BE OKAY, THOUGH!

BRANDY, EH?
THIS CHARACTER
HAS BEEN
AROUND!

IT AIN'T **RIGHT** TO TORMENT
HELPLESS LI'L FELLERS LIKE THAT!
AH'M A-GONNA TRACK THEM
VARMINTS DOWN AN' MAKE 'EM
PAY! JEST AS SURE AS MAH
NAME IS **POWDER RIVER PETE!**

IN THE MEANTIME

AT THE HOME
RANCH...



LISTEN,
YOU GUYS!
I'LL SLIP YOU
FIVE BUCKS
APIECE IF YOU'LL
HELP ME PUT ON
AN **ACT!**

I'M TRYIN' TO BEAT PETE'S
TIME 'WITH **MISS SALLY!** NOW
WHILE HE'S AWAY, I WANT
YOU TO STAGE A **FAKE**
KIDNAPPING--AND LET ME
RESCUE HER! THAT'LL
MAKE ME HER BIG HERO!

OKAY, GANG!
THERE SHE IS! I'LL
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT
WHILE YOU GO
TO WORK!



YOU KNOW WHAT,
MYRTLE? **POWDER
RIVER PETE**'LL BE
HOME TODAY!
LA-DE-DA-DE-DUM



HELP!



HEH-HEH! NOW I'LL
HUSTLE OUT TO THE
OLD OAK IN BLACK
GULCH WHERE WE'RE
GONNA STAGE THE
**FAKE RESCUE
SCENE!**



LATER

U AH'M HEADIN' FOR
TH' LAST
R-ROUNDUP !!



**RABBIT
HUNTERS!**



BANG!!
YIPPEE!

WAL, THIS TIME
THEY GOT **POWDER
RIVER PETE** TO
DEAL WITH!



HALT, YOU VARMINTS!
YOU-- YOU RABBIT HUNTERS!
AH'M A-GONNA ----
WHY--WHY, IT'S
GUS!

DIS JOIK T'INKS
I GOT A RABBIT
IN DA BAG!
I'LL HUMOR HIM!

YOU CAUGHT ME
RED-HANDED,
PETE!



WHY, GUS! YOU
OUGHTA BE ASHAMED!
A GREAT BIG BUM
LIKE YOU, PICKIN'
ON PORE LIL'
DEFENSELESS
RABBITS!

I CAN'T HELP IT, PAL!
I GOT RABBITITIS!
WHEN I SEES A
NICE FAT BUNNY,
SUMP'N COMES OVER
ME! MEBBE YOUSE
CAN HELP ME!

WHY, SHORE!
I'LL JEST TURN
THAT THAR
RABBIT LOOSE AN'
REMOVE YORE
TEMPTATION!



IF THAT'S
A RABBIT
IN THAT
SACK, I'M
AN ELEPHANT!



OH, THANK
YOUSE,
PETESIE!



FOR RABBIT
HUNTERS, THEY
SURE PLAY
ROUGH!

YIPPEE!

GOL-DANG THEIR
ORNERY HIDES!
NOW THEY WENT
AND GOT ME MAD!

AH'LL TAKE MAH
SECRET SHORT CUT
INTO **BLACK GULCH**
AN' HEAD 'EM OFF!
LET'S GO!

HOLY SMOKE ---
TH' GRAND CANYON!
THIS BOY'S LOCO!

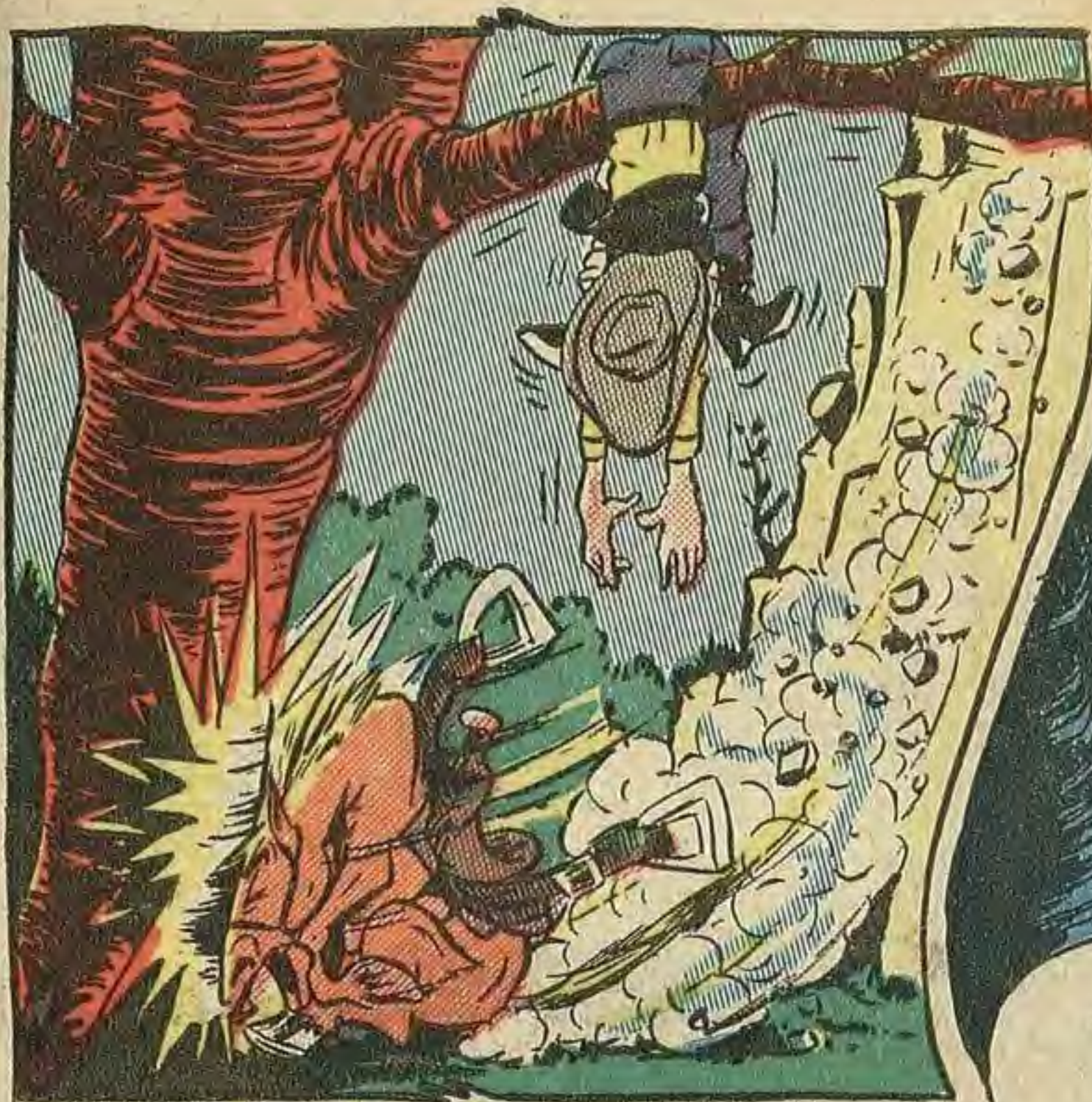
OUCH! O-0000!
IT'S OKAY FER
HIM -- HE'S
SITTIN' ON ME!
BUT LOOK WHAT
I'M SITTIN' ON! -
OH! O-00000!

WHOA!

NOW HE TELLS
ME! -- "WHOA!", THE
MAN SAYS!!
A **TURTLE**
COULDN'T WHOA
ON THIS
CLIFF!

CRASH!

SORRY, BUB!
CAN'T WAIT!
SEE YOU
LATER!



BROTHER, THEY CAN HAVE THAT RABBIT, OR WHATEVER IT IS! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! I'M GOING HOME!



HALT!! YOU DASTARDLY KIDNAPPERS!



WELL, HERE'S THE OLD OAK! NOW FOR THE FAKE RESCUE!



PSSST!! NICE GOIN', GANG! NOW SLIP ME THE GAL!



UNHAND THAT GAL, YOU VILLAINS!

C-R-RACK

HEH - HEH!
NOW I'LL UNTIE
HER, AND LET
HER KNOW
WHO HER **HERO**
IS!

AH MIGHTA
KNOWED JASPER'D
BE MIXED UP IN
THIS YERE
RABBIT HUNTIN'!

NOW TA TURN TH' PORE
LI'L CRITTER FREE,
SO'S IT CAN SCAMPER
INTA TH' BRESH!

SMACK!

MY HERO!

SHUCKS! THA'S THE
FRIENDLIEST
RABBIT I EVER
DID SEE!

The
End.

TEXAS TIM RANGER

CHIEF, I GOTTA HAVE SOME ACTION... I'LL GO CRAZY! ANY KIND OF ASSIGNMENT... LONG'S I KIN USE MY SHOOTIN'-IRONS!

RELAX, TIM BRENNAN... RELAX! I GOT JUST THE TICKET! ED SMITHFIELD OF THE BAR-20 WANTS HELP... HE'S UP TO HIS EARS IN TROUBLE WITH SOME OUTLAW GANG!



SEEMS SOME WADDY NAMED CHUCK ADAMS IS RAIDIN' SMITHFIELD'S SPREAD... RUSTLIN' AN' RAISIN' HOLY NED! PLENTY O' BLOOD SPILLED, TOO!

A BAD ACTOR, EH? OKAY, CHIEF... I GOT ME AN ASSIGNMENT!



At the Bar-20... SMITHFIELD? I'M TIM BRENNAN... TEXAS RANGER!

GLAD YOU GOT HERE, BRENNAN! FRANKLY, I'M AT MY WITS' END! I'M TRYIN' TO MAKE A LIVING HERE... BUT THAT KILLER ADAMS GIVES ME NO PEACE! HE AND HIS MEN ARE HOLED UP IN DEVIL CANYON... A REGIMENT COULDN'T GET AT HIM THERE!



ONLY LAST WEEK, HIS GANG RAIDED ME AGAIN
...AND DROVE OFF 300 OF MY BEST STEERS!



MY MEN FOUGHT BRAVELY... BUT WHAT
CAN THEY DO AGAINST MURDERERS?





INSIDE THE CANYON, A RUDE HUT! THERE...



SH-HHH! GET UP AN' COME WITH ME, ADAMS! ONE SOUND AN' YUH'RE A DEAD MAN!

ULP! SORRY I STUMBLED AGAINST YUH, RANGER!

SHUT UP ...AN' GIT GOIN'!



YUH MUSTA BEEN PRETTY SURE OF YUHRSELF, RANGER ...BRINGIN' TWO HOSSES!

IT'S MY BUSINESS TO BE SURE! NOW MOUNT!



YUH'VE HAD THINGS YORE WAY TOO LONG! IT'S MY TURN NOW!

CONSARN YUH!



I GOT A LOT TO GIT EVEN WITH YUH FOR, KILLER...



BAM!

... AN' HERE'S THE FIRST INSTALMENT!



NOW TO RIDE BACK TO THE BAR-20 AN' PICK UP SMITHFIELD! WITH THE EVIDENCE HE'LL GIVE AT HEADQUARTERS, ADAMS'LL BE A DEAD DUCK!



WELL, SMITHFIELD ...I DID IT!

GOT THE VARMINT EH? WAL, I CAN'T HELP SAYIN' I'M SURPRISED--BUT I'M PLUMB HAPPY!



AND NOW ...STRING THE BUZZARD UP, BOYS!

HUH?... YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



OH, CAN'T WE? I GOT MY OWN REASONS FER WANTIN' HIM OUTA THE WAY! AN' WE'RE GONNA MAKE SURE OF HIM...Surer than we did his old man...CAUSE THIS TIME WE'RE GONNA SEE HIM DEAD!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...BUT YUH KNOW THE PENALTY FOR INTERFERIN' WITH A TEXAS RANGER!



I SURE DO...AN' I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES ON YUH GETTIN' BACK TO REPORT WHAT'S HAPPENED!

OH-HHH!

BANG!



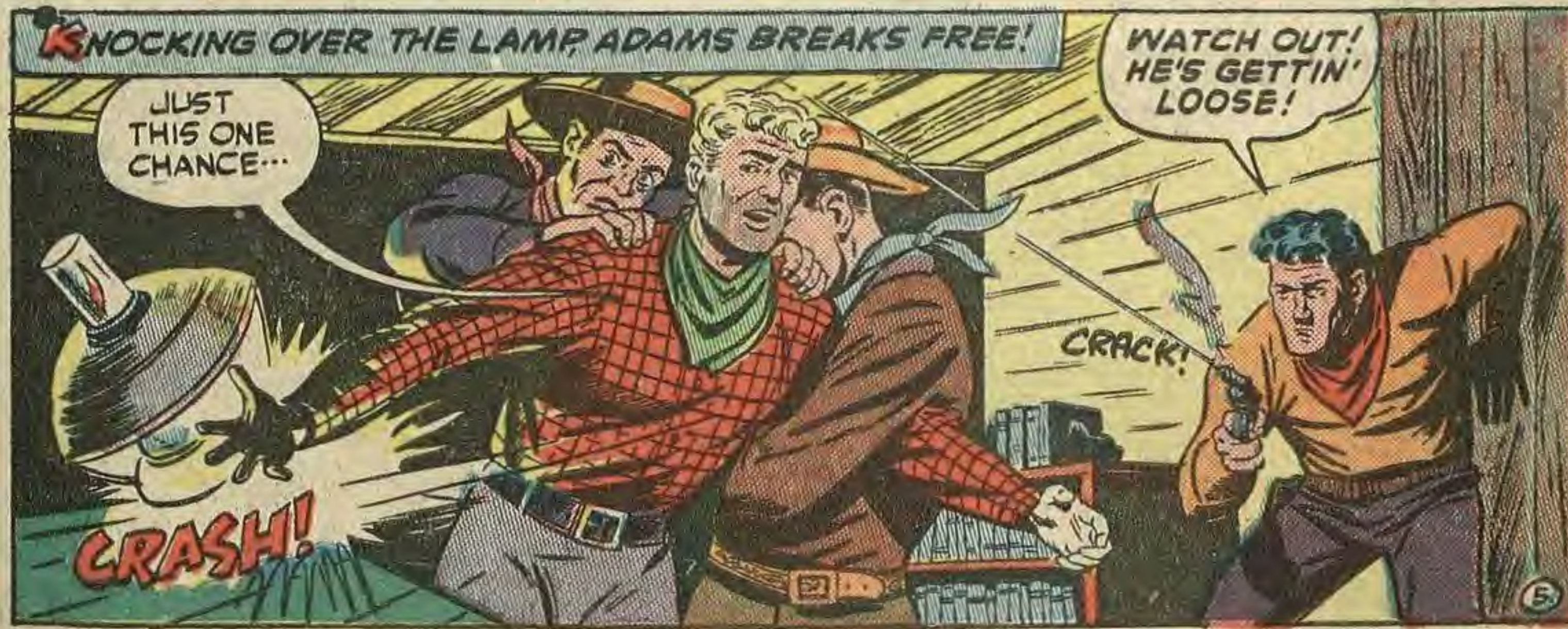
KNOCKING OVER THE LAMP, ADAMS BREAKS FREE!

JUST THIS ONE CHANCE...

WATCH OUT! HE'S GETTIN' LOOSE!

CRACK!

CRASH!





WE CAN'T GET SMITHFIELD FOR YOUR DAD'S MURDER UNLESS WE LOCATE HIS BODY! HMMMM... HE SAID HE'D MAKE SURE OF YOU BY **SEEIN'** YOU DEAD..

WHICH MEANS THEY PROBABLY KNEW DAD WAS FATALLY WOUNDED, BUT HE ESCAPED TO GO SOMEWHERE AN' DIE!

THAT "SOMEWHERE"... IS THERE ANYPLACE YUH KIN THINK OF WHERE HE COULD HAVE HIDDEN?

NO... **WAIT! YES... THERE IS!** THAT OLD INDIAN CAVE WHERE I USED TO PLAY! IT'S NEAR HERE... **COME ON!**



AMID THE DUST OF YEARS... AN AWFUL DISCOVERY!

IT... IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! **THE DIRTY KILLERS!**

WONDER WHAT **THIS** IS?



IT'S DAD'S BILL OF SALE FOR THE BAR-20 RANCH! I'VE FOUND IT AT LAST!

THAT DOES IT! WE'LL RIDE TO RANGER HEAD-QUARTERS, PICK UP SOME MEN AN' COME BACK FOR SMITHFIELD!



BUT AS THEY HIT THE TRAIL...

IT'S THE BAR-20 BUNCH... THEY'VE SPOTTED US! WE GOTTA RIDE FOR OUR LIVES!



THEY CAN'T SHAKE US NOW, BOYS... **WE GOT 'EM! MOW 'EM DOWN!**



AS THE BAR-20 BAND CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL...A SUDDEN THUDDING OF HOOVES!

THEY'RE AFTER CHUCK ADAMS! LET'S GO!



GUNS BARK IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE!

OH-HHH!

CRACK!

BANG!

BANG!



EEE-YOWWW! IT'S MY MEN, RANGER! LOOKIT 'EM FIGHT!

BANG!

BANG!

MAKE FOR COVER! HERE COMES SMITHFIELD...HE'S ESCAPING!



I'VE GOT YUH, MURDERER!

UGH!



WELL, CHUCK ADAMS, IT LOOKS LIKE WE DID IT! BUT TELL ME...HOW COME YORE MEN MANAGED TO TURN UP SO JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT?

REMEMBER WHEN YUH TOOK ME FROM MY CABIN...AN' I STUMBLED AGAINST YUH? I SNITCHED YORE BADGE AN' DROPPED IT THAR...SO THEY'D KNOW I'D BEEN CAPTURED, AN' COME A-SHOOTIN'!



AND BACK AT RANGER HEADQUARTERS...

CHIEF, IF EVER I COMPLAIN ABOUT THINGS BEIN' MONOTONOUS AGAIN, DO ME A FAVOR! JUST DON'T LISTEN!

WAL, LOOKS LIKE TEXAS RANGER TIM BRENNAN...BACK FROM HIS MISSION! TELL ME...DID IT PACK ENOUGH ACTION FER YUH?



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...ANOTHER EXCITING TEXAS RANGER THRILLER!

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RIB-TICKLER THAT
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And packed chockful
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GIGGLES ★
★ **ROARS** ★
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*Featuring
THAT FUNNY-BONE
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**YOUR LAUGHS NOW!
THEY'RE WAITING
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GIGGLE COMICS

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4 Color Painted ZIPPER BILLFOLD With Gilt SAFETY CHAIN**

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